

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1851.

THE EDUCATION OF A MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

If any one would know what the result of a complete system of education may be, there are indications enough, in every thing about us, to answer the inquiry.

Go and ask the Spartans how far a mere physical education could succeed in the formation of the strongest race of men, physically considered, known in ancient time. Go to that vulgar place, denominated a circus, and you will learn what strength, agility, ease, suppleness of every muscle, of every limb, a suitable amount of bodily discipline will confer. Milo, the classic story says, acquired the power of carrying the ox, by shouldering the calf each day till it reached its growth. Daily practice will perform wonders for the body.

Some of those wonders I have beheld myself. Among the gymnasts of our American gymnasia, now judiciously established in nearly all our larger cities, I have seen men in middle life, who entered those places literally dropping into their graves, restored to health, to strength, to life, by the efforts of a few months. I have seen young men, taken from the schools and stores, pale, slim, feeble when they commenced, in an equally short period rendered as stout, as robust, as vigorous as almost any you could find. Little boys, who, by the accidents of birth, or by previous bad management, were small, weak, diseased, dying, have been transformed into the very pictures of beauty, health, and strength. Connatural predispositions to disease have thus been eradicated from their constitutions. That beautiful transparency of skin, and the delightful freshness of the countenance, so indicative of happiness and of health, have been imparted to lads, who, for all time before, had been sallow and sickly to the last degree. It is a joyous sight, I will assure you, reader, in looking upon a company of these youth, to behold the pallor gradually passing from their little faces; their chests and limbs daily becoming round, and full, and strong; their step getting more light, elegant, and elastic; their spirits, before sunk as if by premature decrepitude, rising into the high flow of the true

buoyancy of youth; and the entire physical being arrested in its rapid and melancholy progress toward an early burial, and raised to the enjoyments of a healthful and happy life! How the heart of the father, of the mother, has swelled with gratitude and delight, as they have witnessed in their own offspring these miracles of art!

Such miracles are annually performed in the places to which I have referred. Why not perform them in our public schools? What better thing can we do for a boy, or a young girl, than, at the commencement of their educational career, to recover the health, increase the size, and beautify the form and movement of their bodies, and so lay in them the foundation of a more vigorous and successful intellectual and moral life? We have every encouragement to undertake this work. There is really no end to this physical improvement, when the process is scientifically conducted. Every lad, if he can not become a Milo, can be raised from weakness to strength, from diminutiveness to a proper size, from deformity to a high degree of beauty, and from misery to joy. Some, whose natural advantages are better, in whom ancestry has not planted too many of the seeds of death, can be rendered, without a figure, as strong as Hercules, as beautiful as Adonis, and as full as a fountain of all the bubbling springs of physical animation. How my heart sinks within me, as I look on the processions of young ladies and gentlemen, annually tottering from the threshold of our schools and colleges, who, instead of fitting themselves for a long career of usefulness, have been digging their own graves, and making up the shrouds that are to cover them! How my heart throbs, when I behold, in facts well known to me, what patterns of physical perfection they might nearly all be made, by an early, continuous, persevering course of physical education!

We have equal encouragement for the prosecution of a complete mental education.

We are informed by Plutarch, that certain generals of antiquity had so improved their memories, as to be able to repeat the name of every soldier in their armies; and Quintilian mentions several demagogues, who, in a city of almost a million, could salute every citizen by his proper title. The abbo

de Longuerue, also, acquired so astonishing a power of recollection, that, upon hearing a person argue the impossibility of writing a complete history of France, he asserted his ability to do it without the use of books; and, with a few charts and maps before him, he accomplished the task, in one year, to the admiration of his contemporaries. I have myself known a man, who, on hearing any passage of the Bible read, could repeat from memory the context above and below it, till requested to desist by his wondering auditors.

What transcendent beings these personages would have been, had all their intellectual faculties been equal to their memories! And why not equal? The greater part of this power of recollection was the result of training. The individual last referred to, has repeatedly avowed the early weakness of his mind as to the retention of the facts obtained in reading. One of my personal friends, a common man, who had taken some pains to form habits of recollection, has frequently, in the presence of spectators, twice read a page in a book wholly new to him, and then rehearsed it, word after word, to the satisfaction of his company; and yet, I have often heard him say, that, at the commencement of his course of education, it was almost impossible for him to retain even the most striking passages of the best writers.

This degree of perfection, in all the cases here given, was reached by making specific exertions to *develop* a capacity, rather than to *furnish* it. This is the secret of all success in the art of education. It is equally applicable to all the intellectual powers. With every allowance for the difference of mankind in their natural qualities, it is not necessary to suppose, that the illustrious exemplars of the reason and the imagination, any more than of the memory, the Bacons and the Shakespeares of ancient and modern history, any more than the walking encyclopedias of history and revelation, were but little indebted to this sort of training for their superiority. Newton, whose ability as a mathematical reasoner has never been surpassed, told Mr. Conduit, one of his familiar friends, that, for the first twelve years of his life, he held a very low position, in all respects, at school; and Locke, the very first moral reasoner of modern times, took the trouble to declare, that education had made him all he was.

All men, in the same manner, have the germ of an imagination, which, by a due amount of stimulus and discipline, can be raised to a high degree of brilliancy, vivacity, and power. Who, in judging of the works of Byron, would compare his earlier with his later pieces? Indeed, there is in his literary career an abrupt transition from very mediocre composition to the sublimest triumphs of his art. That transition was the result of direct exertion to make the best and most of a faculty, which, during his former life, though worthy of remark, was not at all wonderful. He was stung to make this exertion, by the terrible but merited

castigation he received through the columns of a review. Behold the consequences! Who, without being told, would imagine Childe Harold and the Idle Hours to have been written by the same man! Months, I know, in such an ardent mind as that of Byron, will do the work of years; but years, in the case of every person, will accomplish marvels, if they are diligently and judiciously employed. If, instead of crowding to excess a single mental capacity, we should go scientifically to work to educate them all, we might produce men having as many powers as they have capacities, as many styles of talent as they have powers, as many marks of superiority as they have modes of thought.

Daniel Webster, a man of more intellect, perhaps, than any other American now living, has become thus gigantic, so far as discipline has made him, by cultivating all his mental faculties, by which process he has widened and deepened his intellectual being in all directions. It is difficult to tell by which he is most distinguished, his memory, his reasoning abilities, or his quick, chaste, severe, and discriminative imagination. He is a man of universal mental culture. Such men, intellectually, whatever they may be in other respects, are always the greatest of men. Our schools and colleges ought to make them. Though, it is very true, nature does not always furnish us with such beginnings as it gave in the case of the youthful Webster, yet, by a full course of education, applied with equal vigor to every intellectual faculty, with the direct object in view of giving to each its utmost possible development, rather than merely lumbering the memory with a mass of mere information, we might, in a short time, bring into the world a race of giants, who, physically and mentally, would astonish it with their presence.

Nor can we, any more than in the two previous departments, assign any limits to our success in the department of moral education. Some men, reared under peculiar circumstances, have been distinguished, like the fabled Nysus and Euryalus, like the actual Jonathan and David, for a remarkable strength and fervency of the friendly affection. Others, like Charles Lamb, have had their whole moral being concentrated in the fraternal feelings. Conjugal devotedness reached its maximum, perhaps, in the wife of the Roman, Collatinus. The story of Jacob and his little Benjamin is related, to illustrate the ardor of paternal love, while the filial emotion is celebrated in the life of him, who, at the risk of all things, carried his aged father upon his shoulders from the burning streets of Troy. The sentiment by which we are bound to our native country, received one of its proudest memorials in the voluntary but most useful death of the renowned Leonidas. Philanthropy, which links us to our species as a whole, culminated in the ever-memorable career of Howard, who, we are told by his biographer, arrived at this climax of human character by slow degrees and much personal and painful effort.

Indeed, every historical individual here referred to, as an example of high moral development, acquired his superiority in the same manner. All history, all experience, all observation, and all analogy, teach precisely the same great lesson. This, however, history has not taught, because no demonstrations have as yet been furnished it, what a glorious creature that man would be, who, by the right kind and a due quantity of cultivation, should become as illustrious for all these moral affections, as the persons mentioned were for any one of them. Then, added to all, let that last, best, holiest, and heavenliest affection, which binds us to God, be so recovered and strengthened by the various opportunities and modes of religious culture, that the entire moral being should be elevated to a community of feeling with him, whose affections are as high as heaven and as broad as the boundless universe! This would be a result most glorious! This, in many cases, would be the result, the result here in this state of existence, of a wise, thorough, systematic course of moral education; for the blessing of the Almighty would attend it. In all our schools, we are entirely at fault in this particular. We watch the growing tendrils of our creeping plants, stay them by artificial helps, and lead them where we will on threads; but the affections of our children, of our pupils, which might be made to take hold on all varieties of perfection, we entirely neglect, in our systems of educational discipline, leaving them to crawl in the dust, and cling to those low objects which are altogether unworthy of them. How criminal is such a course, when we have every conceivable encouragement for better conduct!

Did any one ever attempt to draw the portrait of a man, in whom all the susceptibilities of a man have been completely educated, and whose varied powers have been set into harmonious action? What a being! Think of one whose physical organization is a pattern of strength, grace, and beauty; whose intellectual faculties, acting through the organs of such a body, are in their full play and power; and whose moral attributes, all alive with their individual sensibilities, and vigorously fulfilling their respective destinies, render him as greatly good as he is intellectually and physically perfect! Compare such a being with the real men of society, who, from the halls of our highest and best universities, have come out partially and superficially supplied with the patches and shreds of knowledge, with not a single mental quality properly developed, with the disharmony and unevenness of nature still cramping them, with a moral constitution often in all its original waywardness and weakness, and with feeble, tottering, emaciated bodies just dropping into the dust beneath them!

These ideal men, however, can be made, and ought to be made, in our colleges and universities. Not all, it is true, who enter a school, can come out of it thus perfect. Not a very large number,

indeed, can ever reach the true standard of a perfectly educated human being. But a few, a very few, can do it. If, however, all the schools of America could, every year, produce one fully developed man, there would be no occasion for discouragement. Nay, if all these schools, by all their labors, though failing in a thousand trials, could send forth one real man into the next generation, that man would be such a prophet of a new era, that the world might begin to hope for an ultimate restoration.

#### A HYMN FOR ALL NATIONS.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Set to music by Dr. Wesley, and dedicated, by permission, to the Bishop of London.

DEAR DR. TEFFT.—Here is one of my last efforts: it will help to leaven the mass of Mammonism in next spring's World Fair. Reproduce it westward, if you like. I have been producing a great deal lately; and intend to send you herewith a pamphlet of No-Popery ballads, which have done good service. But the chief news of this is to announce, that, God willing, I will be in the States within six months. I mean to run over this summer and see you all. So expect to find me grown older, and fatter, and crosser than the charitable world gives me credit for. However, in one thing they shall not have exaggerated me: I'm trying to be a genuine, cordial, humbug-hating, true man; and that's a fact. You'll see my "Sister Empress" in your papers. I hope it will please you all. Abbot Lawrence highly approves of it.

Truly yours,

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

GLORIOUS GOD! on thee we call,  
Father, Friend, and Judge of all;  
Holy Savior, heavenly King,  
Homage to thy throne we bring!

In the wonders all around  
Ever is thy Spirit found,  
And of each good thing we see  
All the good is born of Thee!

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks  
Every-where in Nature's works—  
Thine is Art, with all its worth,  
Thine each master-piece on earth!

Yea; and, foremost in the van,  
Springs from Thee the mind of man;  
On its light, for this is thine,  
Shed abroad the love divine!

Lo, our God! Thy children here  
From all realms are gathered near,  
Wisely gathered, gathering still—  
For "peace on earth, toward men good-will!"

May we, with fraternal mind,  
Bless our brothers of mankind!  
May we, through redeeming love,  
Be the blest of God above!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAND OF TELL.

(SECOND PAPER.)

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WEILIG.

KUSNACHT, on the Lake of Lucerne, is a perfect specimen of an old Swiss town; and the fountain in its center is embellished with rough figures of the principal actors to whom it is indebted for its celebrity. Its queer old houses, as they turn their gable-ends to the street, look like messengers of times gone by; and the very boats that lie along the shore of the lake seem wrapped in dreamy innocence of the existence of craft, whose tonnage amounts to thousands, and whose speed is as the wind. The road along the lake to Lucerne, a distance of five miles, is full of the peculiar characteristics of the country, and here and there dotted over with a genuine Swiss cottage, whose architecture is so highly picturesque that amateurs seek no further when in search of a habitation to add to rural beauty. The roof so far overhangs the house as to afford a perfect protection to its sides; and under the projection frequently hangs a winter supply of grain, vegetables, or herbs. Each story is ornamented with a handsome balcony, and accessible from the outside by staircases; while the lower part of the house is not unfrequently protected from winter storms by the whole stock of wood, which is nicely sawed, and neatly piled around it, with apertures for doors and windows. The style, however, differs greatly in different cantons, and thus maintains an ever-varying interest in the observer.

The peasantry of Switzerland are also remarkable for the variety of costumes, which, like their tongue, vary in nearly every canton. But, notwithstanding the general idea of the beauty of these costumes entertained out of Switzerland, the honest traveler is obliged to acknowledge that this is founded on a love of romance, and the natural desire to have man beautiful where nature is transcendently so. But this romance should be left at home, where it is manufactured. These costumes are charming in pictures, when well executed; but they are so seldom worn with grace and arranged with taste, and so seldom have the advantage of the beauty of the wearer to heighten their attractions, that he whose ideas are borrowed from colored prints is doomed to be sadly disappointed. There is much more of wretchedness than of beauty in the appearance of the most of peasants that come under the eye of the traveler. I do not recollect of ever having a more smothering damper thrown over my imagination, than on seeing the first group of Tyrolean maids in the vineyards of their native hills. I had heard the Tyrolean minstrels sing of the green hills of Tyrol, and with their picturesque costume, in which they sang their own dear lays, I had imagined them inseparably connected. I panted to see the fairies of the stage and concert-room roaming free among their own homes. I did see them; but, alas!

what a fall was there, my countrymen! The damsels that were to trip the light, fantastic toe over meadows of the deepest green, whose wild flowers would fairly bear them as they hovered in their flight, and touched the dew-drops with their fairy fingers, were now nothing more than bouncing girls, with enormous pedestals, in wooden shoes. The disappointment was a bitter one, and did its share toward checking the leaping tide of fancy in later reveries.

While on the subject of costume, it may not be amiss to mention some peculiarities which are very striking and highly amusing. Young girls may always be distinguished from married women by their dress, as with us may the widow by her weeds. I was peculiarly struck, on entering one of the cantons, to perceive so many of the women wearing a most singular and awkward head-dress. The hair was combed tightly back, and gathered into a kind of ball behind, below which were flowing red ribbons, extending down the back. The object of this ball, or crest, formed by the hair on the top of the head, was to support a white muslin frill, in the shape of an open fan of generous dimensions, which extended over the head very like a cock's comb. On inquiring why this unsightly crest was worn, I was told that it was the holiday dress of damsels in want of husbands. As soon as the latter are procured, these signs are laid aside. They are so prominent, that, in festive gatherings, they are seen elevated over the heads of the crowd, and their pointed extremities peer and dodge about as if continually looking around for somebody to come and marry me.

The Lake of Lucerne is decidedly the most sublime in all Switzerland, and as celebrated for its wild magnificence as is Zurich for its quiet beauty. In historical recollections it bears off the palm. Its towering sides, its peaks, and cliffs have looked down on the most glorious events of Swiss history, and its angry waves once released a Tell from the vassals of Gessler. Its shape is very peculiar, having so many arms that it is difficult to decide which is the body of the lake; and it lies so deeply imbedded among the mountains that they form, as it were, great gullies, through which the winds rave and rage, regardless of laws and calculations. Being desirous of visiting every spot of historical interest, myself and companion engaged an awkward-looking boat, and two stout women to row it; the fair sex generally being the boatmen on these lakes. We consulted them about the weather, being aware of the proverbial suddenness with which storms arise in these mountain recesses, but their opinion was favorable, and we decided to launch our bark on Tell's eventful lake. It was quiet and calm, and, lost in reflection and admiration, we proceeded to the celebrated Gratli meadow, a small and secluded spot, surrounded by the mountains and the lake, and only accessible by water. Its surface was covered with deep green swaths, and all was so quiet that it is a fit spot for the meeting

of the three patriots, who here swore, by their lives and sacred honors, to annihilate the Austrian tyrants who had made them slaves and beggars, or to perish in the attempt. In the midnight hour of the 17th of January, 1307, Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal here raised their hands to the starry heavens, and swore to God, before whom kings and peasants are alike, to live and die faithful to each other, for the rights of their innocent and oppressed people. And each one of these patriots had brought with him ten true confederates, and these thirty elevated their hands, and swore to a just God to live for freedom or to die for it, as long as arrogance should laugh and humility weep. And among these men of the Grutli meadow was William Tell.

On his return, the market-place of Altorf tested his patriotism, and with the arrow that shot the apple was secreted another for Gessler's heart. Tell was thrown into fetters, and borne off by Gessler, that the people might not, in their rage, rescue him from the hands of the cruel tyrant. He was conveyed to the Lake of Lucerne, and embarked with Gessler and his vassals on its waters. But the warm Föhn wind began to blow, the lake ran high and hollow, and the waves foamed and rolled over each other. Gessler's heart quailed within him, and his boatmen trembled. But the mountains rose steep out of the lake like a wall to heaven, and the shores themselves were deep abysses. Tell was known far and near as a tamer of the stormy waters of the lake, and Gessler ordered his fetters to be severed, and gave him the helm. This Tell directed toward the bare wall of the Axenberg, where a naked rock advances a few feet into the lake. With one spring Tell was on the rock, and Gessler's boat out again on the stormy waters. The patriot clambered over the steep mountains to Kusnacht, and there sent the arrow to his oppressor's heart.

We rowed over to this rock, or, as it is called, Tell's Platte, and found a little chapel built on it, to the memory of the father of Helvetic liberty. It is only approachable by water; and once a year there is a grand festival on the lake, to which the whole surrounding country repairs, in holiday barges, to listen to a patriotic sermon delivered from its altar. The chapel and the craft of every class are decorated with flowers, and bands of music enliven the scene, and the celebration closes with a grand regatta, or boat-race, this being a favorite amusement with those who reside on the borders of the lake.

While engaged in contemplating this hallowed region, we were suddenly aroused by the arrival of a bevy of winds, blowing in every imaginable direction; and our fair boatmen began to ply the oar most lustily, to attain a more agreeable position than these perpendicular rocks and precipices. We had hitherto ridiculed the idea of such terrific storms as are there said to rage, but our slight experience gave us a more vivid conviction of the scene between Tell and Gessler than we, by all

our mere reading and description, had hitherto entertained.

An indispensable necessity to the tourist in Switzerland is clear weather—without it he is doomed to confinement of the most disagreeable nature; for as the beauties are unequalled in a bright sky, so are the vexations of a storm no where more felt, as the clouds cover the mountain-tops, and even fill the valleys. On the route from the Lake of Lucerne to that of Brienz, we were held in captivity in the town of Lungern, in the narrow valley at the base of the Brunig pass. Lungern had but one redeeming quality, and that was the fact that it was the cradle of Swiss independence, and still retains the most democratic form of government in all Switzerland. Innkeepers in the smaller towns are nearly always officers of the canton, and ours happened to be the principal one. He was, of course, a politician, and two dreary days were spent in discussing with him the politics of the country in general, and his canton in particular. The voting is there done by the voice, or by holding up hands; the men of the canton over eighteen years of age all assemble on the day of election, and, selecting their candidates, the vote is put, and thus decided; if there is doubt, a strict counting takes place. This election chooses a number of counselors for the canton—say thirty; the latter elect other officers out of their midst, and the choice of a second election selects the president of the canton. Many of the circumstances connected with these elections are so primitive as to excite a smile, especially the salaries given. One of the officers of the court received about two dollars a week, a chicken, and a dozen eggs. Others, more magnanimous, like many in our own republic, receive nothing but glory.

Our host, however, permitted himself to be very well paid for the favors bestowed, and we left with the return of the sun for the Lake of Brienz, a spot celebrated for its beauty and its songs. It lies nearly in the center of Switzerland, and not far from the far-famed Bernese Highlands. We approached it on Saturday evening, after a long day's walk, worn-out, dusty, and hungry, and found an excellent inn on the lake-shore, so that we supped on a balcony overhanging its waters. Twilight had hardly set in before we heard the notes of vocal music in various directions, and very soon a charming chorus resounded in the next apartment from a glee-club there assembled. We were told, on inquiry, that on Saturday evening, every inn was made lively with the songs of these merry parties; and, by invitation, we joined the company, which we found to consist of young men and women of the middle classes, who thus spent the social hour with refining music and pleasant gossip. Their voices were remarkably sweet and unusually cultivated, with more than the common amount of feeling. We requested the national Swiss air of the "Ranz des Vaches," which is said to exert so great an influence on Swiss soldiers in foreign armies, that the commanders have forbidden

the singing of it, knowing the longing for home and unhappy feeling thereby produced. The reason of this is, that the *Ranz des Vaches* is not so much a national air as it is the air of a certain valley; for each one has its peculiar melody, and thus it recalls, more properly speaking, the thoughts of home—the native valley, village, and hearth—thereby producing home-sickness, a malady which often proves fatal to the Swiss. The name, *Ranz des Vaches*, literally signifies the “Rows of cows,” and its origin is as follows: In the spring the inhabitants of the valleys drive their herds of cows to the elevated meadows and pasturages on the mountains, often several thousand feet high, and remain there with them all summer, living in temporary cabins, and making butter and cheese, which are at times brought down and sold. The cow that yields the most milk is made the queen for the season, receives a large bell on her neck, and always leads the van in all the mountain excursions. She soon learns to know her superiority, and exercises a certain degree of authority in these wanderings, taking the liberty of hornsing every cow that does not follow the path she lays out. The cow-herd encourages this, and thereby diminishes his labors materially. At the close of the season, when they all return to the valley to spend the winter, there is a festival which lasts three days, depending somewhat on the amount of cheese and butter made during the season. Before descending from the mountain, the queen-cow is decorated with flowers, ribbons, and bells, and not unfrequently has the prettiest little girl of the party on her back; the other cows march in rows behind her, decorated according to their merits, and the peasants accompany the band singing their “*Ranz des Vaches*,” or rows of cows. Thus it will be perceived that those melodies are connected with the most joyful season of the year, and are well calculated to recall thoughts of home.

Our party sang their own “*Ranz des Vaches*,” and that of many other valleys, when they finally broke up for a promenade along the lake-shore—the young men walking four or five abreast, and the damsels in the same way. Thus we met several parties, some of which joined ours, and the whole lake resounded with melodies, till my traveling companion exclaimed, “We have found the ‘Happy Valley of Rasselas.’”

Many of those girls gain a livelihood by rowing strangers across the little lake, and sing while laboring at the oar. One was very celebrated for her beauty and her voice, and was long known as the beauty of the Lake of Brienz. On determining to leave this happy valley, we engaged a boat and a couple of lasses, with the express agreement that they should sing us across the water to the town of Interlaken.

Between the Lake of Brienz and the Lake of Thun lies a deep green meadow, about four miles in length and half that width; its borders are washed by their waters, and in the background rises the

most sublime scenery in all Switzerland—the Berner Oberland, or Bernese Highlands, with the towering peak of the Jungfrau Alp. On this spot of ground, surrounded by mountains and lakes, lies the town of Interlaken. It is composed of little else than hotels and boarding-houses, and nearly every nation can be found here in greater numbers than the Swiss. The situation and the climate, for the summer months, are so unequalled in their excellence, that many pass this period in Interlaken, especially the English. And, then, it being the center of natural beauties, it has become, to a certain extent, a great resort for fashionable loungers, as well as a grand point of departure; for this reason, a crowd is always to be found there, especially after a week of bad weather, when travelers, from all points of the compass, are collected there, waiting for better luck or driving off *ennui*. Most of voyagers remain a day at Interlaken, making preparations for the grand tour of the Highlands; and we followed the time-honored example. And, indeed, on so grand a scale is every thing in nature in this charming region, that it is well to contemplate, for a day, the snow-crowned peaks and glaciers, that seem almost to overhang the valley. The Bernese Highlands rise to a height of more than thirteen thousand feet; and though fifteen miles distant from Interlaken, they appear so near, that one shudders on seeing an avalanche break from the summit of the Jungfrau, or Silverhorn. The most glorious scene at Interlaken is that of sunset. The whole range of the Bernese Alps are gilded with indescribable effect, and the golden rays, as they creep up the masses of perpetual snow, illuminate the glaciers to the brilliancy of fire, and tint the peaks like giant flames lighting up the firmament of heaven. A deep gorge, like a horizontal shaft bored into the mountains, leads to the base of these peaks, and this gorge bears the name of the valley of Lauterbrunnen; that is, “*Nothing-but-fountains*.” It is at times so narrow, that the sun does not enter it till a little before midday; and the walls of these precipices sometimes rise nearly a thousand feet perpendicularly. Over their crests rush not less than a dozen small streams, which dance and spring down their sides into the roaring cataract rushing through the gorge below, and thus give to the valley the name of Nothing-but-fountains.

The population of this valley derive their subsistence from the strangers that visit it, and the great influx of travelers has proved a fruitful source of demoralization. The French have a proverb which says, “No money, no Swiss;” and it is true to the letter, although the English might with more justice have given birth to the sentiment contained therein; for the Swiss invariably charge John Bull more than any body else. They are born with the idea, that a gruff, portly, overbearing Englishman must have money, and they try, by hook or by crook, to get it away from him. One reason is, that an Englishman remains an Englishman, be he where he may; and the natives of the

country, may eat what they please, he will have toast and tea for supper. This gives those who serve him a great deal of trouble, and they make him pay for it. Unfortunately for Americans, they are always taken for English, on the continent, because they speak the same tongue; and their bills are, therefore, run up to the English standard. We fairly avoided this imposition by traveling in the costume of German students, and were thus, now and then, ludicrously initiated into secrets. At Interlaken we entered a shoe-store, to procure a pair of mountain shoes, for the rough traveling on the Highlands. On pricing them, the son of Crispin told us that we should have them for nine francs, although he had just charged an Englishman fourteen for the same article. At another time we were offered a little article for one franc, with the assurance, that the English always had to pay a franc and a half.

The worst influence, however, that the stream of travel produces, is on the juvenile Swiss, for, unfortunately, they begin their career early. From Interlaken, through the whole valley of Lauterbrunnen, one is scarcely five minutes free from a troop of children, that run after you for miles, offering flowers, and begging, and singing. They are generally girls, from five to fifteen years of age; and their importunity is of such a nature, that there is no other means than to pay them to go away; but, like the bear and bees in the fable, a new swarm commences with fresh energy, and stings worse than the last. They all have a passion for singing, but being at it all day, and running after you, in the mean while, their voices do truly resemble penny trumpets, and their concerts are a sort of *charivari*, which the Germans, with much wit and more truth, denominate "cat-music." Fortunately for the Swiss, this state of affairs exists only where strangers are found in crowds, and the latter do too much in contributing toward it.

You will thus see, that there are other things besides poetry in the valley of Nothing-but-fountains; but we will now look at the bright side of the picture.

Having advanced through the gorge to the base of the Highlands, our attention is attracted by the most magnificent cascade in Europe: it is the Staubbach, or the Torrent of Dust. The wall of rock rises perpendicularly nearly one thousand feet, and the summit seems to extend over the base like the eaves of a house. Over this stupendous height rushes the Dust Fall, as it is most appropriately termed. The mass of water is not great, and, falling from so immense a height, is caught up by the wind, and changed into mist, or water-dust; this floats and dances in waves on the air, as if borne by fairy arms, in a playful mood—now dashing against the wall of the mountain, and now springing off in graceful lines. The resistance of the atmosphere retards the fall, and the whole bears a striking resemblance to a veil of delicate transparency, folding and unfolding itself with each new

current of air. Byron compares it to the tail of the pale horse ridden by Death, in the book of Revelations. On reaching the bottom of the valley, it covers meadows, trees, and flowers with millions of diamond dew-drops, which, colored by a bright sunlight, throw off all the colors of the rainbow, while the Dust Fall itself is filled with rainbows of ever-varying shape and beauty, whenever the position of the sun is favorable. At times the summit of the mountain is enveloped in clouds, and then the "heaven-born waterfall" seems to stream from their bosom. In winter, when the amount of water is small, it runs off in thin threads, forming a pyramid of ice, rising from below like an immense stalactite inverted, and reaching half way up the precipice from which it escapes.

Opposite the Dust Torrent commences the ascent of the Wengern Alp, a lower range of the Highlands, from whose summit can be obtained a fair view of the Jungfrau, or Virgin Queen, the Peak of Terror, the Peak of Darkness, and the Peak of Tempests; these all rise more than thirteen thousand feet in height. We leave the unique vale of Nothing-but-fountains, and commence the ascent of the Wengern; for an hour, cabins are here and there scattered on the mountain, and occupied principally by shepherds. The ascent is steep and difficult, but richly rewarded by the grandeur of the scenery; and, as we approach the summit, the Jungfrau unfolds herself, in all her majesty, standing out in bold relief, showing not only the summit, but the whole immense mountain covered with the purest snow, and only separated from the spectator, on the Wengern Alp, by a deep chasm, across which it seems as if one might hurl a stone; but every thing here is of such giant-like proportions, that the eye is woefully deceived as to distance. And there is the Swiss peasant, who, for a few cents, will send a blast through his Alpine horn, which is nothing more than a long wooden trumpet; but homely as it is, it sends a peal through these heavenly regions, that rolls among the mountains and plays on their sides, with a bewitching harmony; and his son will fire off a little cannon for a few cents more, that reverberates through the distant crags, shooting and bounding, from peak to peak and vale to vale, till its echo dies away on the wings of the wind.

Passing through forests of pine and seas of rocks, we are at last on the summit of the Wengern Alp, in a little inn, termed the Chalet of the Wengern, at a height of five thousand and five hundred feet, or half way to the summit of the Jungfrau, and as near to it as is possible to approach. A deep abyss separates us from its broad side, which rises somewhat in the shape of an inverted fan, and is deeply furrowed by the passage of the avalanches into the fathomless depths below. These generally fall about noon, when they are softened and detached from the mountain by the sun's rays. Sometimes they are started by the firing of cannon, the shock in the atmosphere convulsing the masses of snow and shaking them from their resting-places.

The first that attracts the attention is the rolling of a distant thunder, and then we perceive a ball of snow, running down in a furrow of the mountain, made by previous avalanches; this will disappear, and again appear, bounding into new paths and over other precipices, till it reaches the bottom, when a cloud of dust arises, rolling and playing like white smoke; and presently, the deep, smothered report of its fall reaches the ear. This is called a snow avalanche; and so deceptive is the distance, that, though containing, perhaps, thousands of tons, it appears more like a snow-ball, that increases as it rolls. These avalanches are seen and heard continually, toward the middle of the day.

The most majestic are the ground and ice avalanches, falling from the glaciers, and carrying with them earth and snow, in huge masses. These break off from the sides or summit, on account of winds or rain, and are at first seen slowly toppling or bending over, when, suddenly, they rush and thunder from one terrace of the mountain to the other, shattered into countless fragments, each an avalanche in itself, bounding like a fury, thousands of feet at a time, till it reaches the abyss below, and sends forth a crash, as if earths had met each other in their orbits. These are so incalculably immense, that they carry away villages that lie in their course; but, fortunately, they most generally fall into depths, like those of the Jungfrau, which are uninhabitable.

On the summit of the Wengern Alp, the solitude and stillness is painful; we are so far above the habitations of man, that, in the intervals of the avalanches, there is absolutely no noise; and the effect on the ear is oppressive, as is that of total darkness on the eye. When this painful silence is broken by the roar of the avalanche, it greatly heightens the effect of the latter. The human voice and the tinkling of bells seem to have a different sound in these mountain solitudes. Nothing can exceed the virgin purity of the snow on these peaks, and the eye never wearies in resting on them. The effect is peculiarly beautiful, when the lower part of the mountain is enveloped in a passing cloud, leaving the summit soaring above the floating vapor, and apparently borne up by it; and so near do these peaks appear to be to the zenith, that we may lie flat on our backs on the Wengern Alp, and they still hover over us. These Highlands of Berne are, without doubt, the most beautiful part of Switzerland.

Having bought some Alpine souvenirs at the Chalet of the summit, we began our descent into the valley of Grindelwald, on the other side, in sight of the peaks of the Tempest, of Terror, and of Darkness, which shoot up into the heavens, along side of the Virgin Queen. At nearly every turn, we were hailed by some one who had something to offer: first, it was the boy who shot down avalanches with his cannon, for the moderate sum of three cents; then another, who sold strawberries and goats' milk, and gave the avalanche-shooting into the bargain, while you eat

the berries or drink the milk; and a third blew a blast on the horn, and showed you some wild animal, carefully kept in a box, with an enormous stone on the lid. These were very pleasant episodes in the fatigues of the day, and we enjoyed the various money-making schemes, to our hearts' content. That, however, which afforded us the most amusement, was the singing girls, who now had a ludicrous substitute for the cat-music of the valley of Lauterbrunnen. A little band of them was posted at every main turn in the descent. As we rounded the curve, they were all ready, having seen us approach, and began to drum with their fingers on a glass instrument, and struck up, with a tremendous noise,

"Come, arouse! come, arouse! my brave Swiss boys;" and thus we were roused up, every few minutes, till we arrived, not a little fatigued, in the old inn of Grindelwald.

The valley of Grindelwald is much resorted to, on account of the gigantic mountains which rise out of its bosom, but is more especially celebrated on account of its magnificent glaciers, which are but little behind those of Chamouny. These ice-fields are said to extend over a distance of more than one hundred square miles, and in many places are, no doubt, thousands of feet in depth. They fill out the chasms and abysses between the higher peaks; and when they send out their arms or branches down into the valley, the latter are called glaciers. The two glaciers of Grindelwald descend to the very dwellings, and the lower one ceases in meadow, where its melting mass is the source of a crystal stream. These glaciers are of a deep, transparent blue, and on standing on them, seem cleft in long sections, between which can be heard the running streams from the thawing ice above. In places their surface assumes the most fantastic forms, and rises in an architecture of the greatest natural beauty. They are, indeed, ice-palaces, but it is dangerous to tread their domains, for one false step may carry you below, when you are buried in an icy grave. Fearful accidents are related of those who have ventured too far, or trusted to a deceitful spot, and whose mortal remains now lie in the grasp of these sepulchers of ice. The glaciers move down into the valley every year, but the summer season melts about as much away as advances; and thus they, in appearance, remain the same for ages, although they are continually renewed. It is, indeed, a curious sight, to see the green grass and wild flowers growing beside these immense masses of ice, and fed by their moisture, while the laborer quenches his thirst at the cool pools that collect beneath their borders.

These magnificent wonders of nature surround a peculiarly primitive people, and one that seems thoroughly impressed with the reverence due to their august Creator. The entrance of nearly every cottage is surmounted with a verse from the Bible, or a moral proverb; these are painted on the house, over the door. On one was the following: "This

house was erected through the assistance of God, and to his glory, in the year 1800; may its inmates always serve him, and may he never cease to protect them!" Not unfrequently, strange pictures are painted all over the cottage front, some representing a saint slaying the devil, and again, a bee, or an ant, indicative of the industry of those who live within. Very frequently, all kinds of strange figures are rudely drawn, apparently illustrating nursery tales or popular legends; and I imagined I saw the "house that Jack built," and "the little dog, that laughed to see such sport, when the cow jumped over the moon." A little farther on was painted a couple at table, that bore the appearance of being the veritable

"Jack Sprat, who could eat no fat,  
And his wife, who could eat no lean."

People, whose every-day life is thus filled up, remain, it is true, children all their lives; but in their genial simplicity, they form an interesting episode in the history of mankind, the great body of which gallops through this planet, on a John Gilpin race, after novelty. This primitive tribe also has its moral code daily before its eyes, and the insides of the houses are decorated with trite sayings and old saws. Over the mantle of one room was painted: "Speak, when you're spoken to;" and the entrance to the dining-room was marked with, "Drink wine, and don't repine;" while over the door, on the inside, stood, in large letters, "Stop, when you've done."

THE SOLITAIRE.

BY JAMES PUMMILL.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood."

WHEN lovely spring has spread its mantle over the forest-trees, I delight to wander through the woodland solitude. The melancholy appearance of nature, in this haunt of the Hamadryads, well accords with the feelings of my soul. I have been deemed, by many, on account of this hermit disposition, an "unsocial being." The accusation is, per force, true. The lively conversations and bickerings of the social world give no pleasure to my mind; therefore, do I seek the still temple of nature—the lonely forest—and pour out my soul in meditation.

From my earliest youth have I been of a taciturn disposition, enjoying not the haunts of man. There is more true happiness afforded to me, in tending the numerous little flowerets in the woodlands, and watching their growth from day to day, or in reclining upon some mossy bank, and listening to the music of the birds in the boughs, than in all the conviviality the world might bestow. How peaceful is my mind, in these grand and majestic solitudes! Here I seem to converse, as face to face,

with the very God of nature; and sometimes, I fancy I see his gentle, yet more than sublime countenance, smiling upon me, through the waving verdure of the trees. I am not alone here. There is an assemblage of happy spirits stirring around me, in each bud and flower. The green branches of the lofty oak that overshadows me, as I recline, breathe out a tender influence I may not strive to portray. The birds—"the poor man's minstrels"—do not fail to awake, in my bosom, sacred feelings, when they chant their delicious hymns in the boughs that shadow me. Beautiful songsters! It appears to me as if they were sent as messengers of love, to cheer the desponding spirit of him who wanders through the dark woodland.

In these "gray old woods," with the birds, and the tiny flowers, and the majestic old oaks, lifting their mighty arms to the sky, do I pass away many hours in the spring and summer—a happy, contented recluse. Here I envy no man his state, but rather meditate in pity upon the fate of the poor citizen, who toils away the golden hours of spring amid the dust of the city. The king upon his throne might envy me these feelings.

Sometimes I throw myself upon the mossy brink of a crystal brooklet, and read the rural poems of the elder bards. I wander, in fancy, with the melancholy Jacques, through the forests of Ardennes, and, with a calm and philosophic dignity of mind, muse upon the littleness of great man; or, with the shepherd boy, sit upon the hills, and watch the lambkins in their gambols; or walk, with the gentle-hearted Cowper, along the banks of the silvery Ouse, and pluck lilies from the banks; or "lap my soul" in the elysium of Thomson's heaven-born lines; or smile in delight, as I gaze upon the golden gems of Spenser's pastoral page.

When these delightful amusements fail, I watch the finny tribe, playing in the clear brook that runs murmuring at my feet. And, indeed, I love to watch the little innocents sporting in their native element. See with what satisfaction they pursue each other among the various pebbles that intersperse the smooth, sandy bottom of the stream! There seems to be an almost boyish sagacity in their movements. "Hide and go seek" is the game. There is one silver-sided little fellow following another through the water with the greatest precision. Whenever the first pauses, so does his follower; whenever he plies his rapid way through the water, dodging and darting among the pebbles, his pursuer does the same, seeming determined to keep him in sight. There! the first has made one energetic effort, and escaped the watchful eye of the second. In vain the second glides among the pebbles, now with a fleet movement, and anon pausing, as it were, to listen for his companion; he finds him not. That companion is in some far-off cranny, perchance laughing in his fin at the escape he has made from his not sufficiently vigilant follower.

I am not a devotee to the inhumanizing precepts of the renowned Izaak Walton—he who spent so

much of his life in torturing flies and fish, and gave the world a learned treatise on the subject of angling. No; I can not conscientiously take him by the hand, and call him "brother." His doctrines abide not with me. What! snatch the finny inhabitants, painfully and cruelly, from their liquid world? Let them sport in their caverns under water. I shall not harm them with a hook, but hope and pray, that the millennium may yet come for the scaly tribe.

THE HOSTS OF THOUGHT.

BY MISS PHINEBE CAREY.

How heavy fall the evening shades,  
Making the earth more dark and drear,  
As to its sunset sadly fades  
This, the last Sabbath of the year!  
  
Oft, when the light has softly burned  
Among the clouds, as day was done,  
I've watched their golden furrows turned  
By the red plowshare of the sun.  
  
To-night, no track of billowy gold  
Is softly slanting down the skies;  
But dull-green bastions, dark and cold,  
Shut all the glory from my eyes.  
  
And in the plain that lies below,  
What cheerless prospect meets my eye!  
One long and level reach of snow,  
Stretching to meet the western sky!  
  
While far across these lonesome vales,  
Like a lost soul, and unconfined,  
Down through the mountain gorges wails  
The awful spirit of the wind.  
  
Memory, and trembling fear, and doubt,  
About me all day long have been;  
So, even the dreary world without  
Is brighter than the world within.  
  
Pale hosts of thought before me start;  
O, for that needed power I lack,  
To guard the fortress of my heart,  
And press those awful columns back!  
  
O, for a soul to meet their gaze,  
And grapple fearless with its woe!  
As the wild *athlete*, of old days,  
In the embraces of the foe!  
  
Thoughts of the many lost and loved—  
Each unfulfilled and noble plan—  
Memories of Sabbaths uninproved—  
Of good undone to God or man:  
  
They come with solemn, warning frown,  
Like ghosts about some haunted tent;  
And courage silently goes down,  
Before their dreadful armament.

O, friend of mine, in years agone,  
Where'er, at this dark hour, thou art,  
Why hast thou left me here alone,  
To fight the battles of the heart?

Alone? A soft eye's tender light  
Is turned to meet my anxious glance;  
And, struggling upward to the light,  
My soul has broken from her trance.

Love is omnipotent to check  
Such 'wilderling fancies of the brain;  
A soft hand trembles on my neck,  
And lo, I sit with hope again!

Even the sky no longer seems  
Like a dull barrier, built afar;  
And through its crumbling wall there gleams  
The sweet flame of one burning star.

The winds that, from the mountain's brow,  
Come down the dreary plains to sweep,  
Back, in the cavernous hollow, now  
Have softly sung themselves to sleep.

Come, thou, whose love no waning knows,  
And put thy gentle hand in mine,  
For strong in faith my spirit grows,  
Leaning confidingly on thine;

And in the calm, or in the strife,  
If side by side with thee I move,  
Hereafter I will live a life  
That shall not shame thy trusting love.

Memory and fear, with all their powers,  
No more my soul shall crush or bend;  
For the great future still is ours,  
And thou art with me, O, my friend!

THE DEAD MOTHER.

AN EXTRACT.

I BOASTED, till a mother's grave  
Was heaped and sodded, then I found  
The sunshine stricken from the wave,  
And all the golden thread unwound.

Where was the flower I had worn  
So fondly, closely, in my heart?  
The bloom was crushed, the root was torn,  
And left a cureless, bleeding part.

Preach on who will; say, "Life is sad,"  
I'll not refute, as once I did;  
You'll find the eye that beamed so glad  
Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of woe; the time *hath* been  
I'd praise the world with shadeless brow;  
The dream is broken—I have seen  
A mother die—I'm silent now.

## RAMBLES IN PARIS.

THE FLOWER-VENDERS, AND THE WIFE OF AN INVENTOR.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

No matter in which direction we turn our steps—no matter the season of the year, we are sure to have our eyes greeted by the pleasant sight of flowers. Flower-girls meet us at the corner of every street, offering little bunches of violets, of rosebuds, and of mignonette, all the year round. These are the favorites—the stand-bys, especially the bouquets of violets, and are always to be had for a few sous. During the summer months, one sees, all over the city, on the bridges, under all the archways, and in all the streets, little portable stands, laden with bundles of various flowers, each kind being put up separately. At these stands sits a woman, busily employed in fashioning the large, tasteful bouquet for which Paris is so famous. These bouquets are not made up of flowers indiscriminately blended, but present to the eye a regular pattern—a piece of living mosaic. For instance, look at this bouquet which is now offered to us by the black-eyed, smiling *bouquiniste*, in snowy cap and closely fitting bodice, before whose stand we are now passing. A white chamelea is in the center, surrounded by a circle of blue forget-me-nots; then comes a circle of pink carnations, succeeded by a ring of lovely little white roses; then comes a circle of mignonette; next a circle of white and red carnations; next a circle of dark-purple heart's-ease; the outer rim of all being composed of large white carnations, intermixed with heather; the whole being put together in the most compact manner, every two or three flowers being tied on closely to the stem of a sort of heather, much used for this purpose, which stems are again bound together in small clusters, and these again into larger ones, which, being bound together with any amount of twine and patience really surprising, constitutes the bouquet.

For rare flowers, one must apply to the numerous flower-shops. The style of arrangement will be the same as in the one just described; but the flowers, being culled from the richest collections of the florists of the capital, the bouquet will, of course, be proportionally more elegant, and dearer. Bouquets of ordinary flowers are sold from fifteen sous to three francs, or twelve to fifty cents; of costly flowers, from three francs to twenty-five or thirty.

The flower-markets, which are held on certain days in various parts of the city, form a very pretty sight. The largest are those held in the open space surrounding the elegant church of the Madeline—on the Boulevard of that name—at the Palais de Justice, at the Chateau d'Eau, and the Place St. Sulpice. On certain days, as many as thirty thousand pots of flowers and shrubs are exposed for sale. The Parisians all love flowers. Not only the gilded balconies of the rich, but the humble garret-

window of the seamstress, bear witness to this universal taste for flowers—a taste which, owing to their cheapness, can be gratified here more easily than elsewhere. I remember, one hot summer day, in one of the narrow streets so common in certain parts of Paris—so narrow, and the houses on both sides so high, that they seem more like clefts in a range of lofty rock, than the habitation of human beings—passing before one of the innumerable charcoal-shops, and seeing there, in the black, sooty doorway, a large rosebush, covered with a profusion of snowy blossoms, that seemed to radiate a sort of glory through the dingy gloom of the little shop. A coal-heaver, black as his wares, sat in the doorway, beside the flowers, quietly reading a newspaper. What a lesson of angelic charity those fair flowers were preaching, in that dark little den! Truly, as saith Victor Hugo, speaking of the generous ministries of nature, “Sunbeams and flowers, in their royal splendor, fear not to approach the lowliest threshold—scorn not to bless them!” Would that all might take counsel from the sunbeams and the flowers!

A favorite ornament of the *salon* is the *jardinier*, a rustic flower-stand, raised on a pedestal of branches, tastefully ornamented and varnished, the basket of the *jardinier* being lined with lead. Flowers are planted in it, and renewed as soon as they are out of bloom.

The artificial flowers of Paris are almost as beautiful and almost as interesting as the real ones. So perfect is the imitation, that I have seen people, when shown a cluster of real and artificial flowers mixed together, and called upon to tell which was which, unable to decide the question. Thousands of young girls are employed in this business; they are apprenticed from four to six years, during which time they are fed, but not lodged, and receive no wages. At the expiration of this time, they earn from one to two francs per day. The great exporting houses make choice of a number of the more expert and more adventurous among them, and send them off to Russia, to Spain, to Portugal, etc., to receive their delicate export, to touch up the ruffled petals, to restore the graceful bend, and repair any little damage or derangement caused by the jolts of the journey. These young people receive somewhat higher pay, in return for their voluntary expatriation.

The rivalry between art and nature is very lively in the flower department. While the flower-makers work up muslin and velvet into clusters and wreaths so cunning as to deceive the unwary, the flower-sellers weave real flowers and leaves into bunches for the corsage, and head-dresses for the ball-room, which produce exactly the effect of the most artistic products of the manufactory; and just as the artificial flowers are often mistaken for the real ones, so have I seen these elegant ornaments of natural flowers mistaken for artificial ones.

It is impossible to go through the streets of Paris,

where the products of the loom are displayed so temptingly, on every hand, without a grateful remembrance of those whose patient genius has devised the various mechanisms which weave and spin the innumerable tissues in which Plato's unfledged bipeds now clothe themselves. Conspicuous among these is the memory of Jacquard, inventor of the spinning-jenny and various other monuments of mechanical skill, which have revolutionized the course of industry, and substituted the rapid, unerring fingers of steel, for the slow and imperfect efforts of the living hand. Talking, a few days ago, with an old lady, who had been an intimate personal friend of Jacquard, she related some curious anecdotes of the great mechanist, or, rather, of his wife, who seems to have been a striking exemplification of that law—providential or otherwise—which seems to have ordained that men of genius shall always make choice of the silliest wives. Madame Jacquard loved her husband to distraction; and being utterly incapable of appreciating his labors, or even of understanding the necessity of his long calculations, and his frequent mental absorptions, she was exceedingly jealous of his machines, and hated them as she would have hated so many living, feminine rivals in his affections. My friend was visiting at their house, just when Jacquard had completed a machine—the result of several years of the most complicated and laborious calculation—for the weaving of lace dresses for the court, which were then greatly in vogue, and, being woven by the hand, of immense price. The machine in question would have woven these dresses at a very low cost, and might have made the fortune of the inventor; but being obliged to absent himself for a few days from home, his wife had full scope for the execution of a project which had been lying in her mind for some time, waiting an opportunity. Accordingly, one day, she came into the parlor, ran up to my friend, and seizing her hands in the joy of her heart, exclaimed, "O, Amy! Amy! I've done it! I've done it! Now I shall have a little peace! Now my husband will love me again; for, really, with those hateful machines of his, he has not a minute for me!" My friend, knowing the folly of the good lady, and alarmed at her ominous delight, inquired what she had done. "O, I've broken it to pieces, that horrid machine that he showed me yesterday, and seemed so proud of! I've broken it all to bits, and I've burnt a lot of the pieces, so that he won't be able to put it together again!" When Jacquard got home, he soon discovered the havoc. Pale, stricken to the heart, he questioned his wife as to the cause of this ruin. "My dear husband," she replied, "I suppose you will be angry with me; but I really could not bear to have you think so much of those bits of wood and wire, and so little of me; so I broke it up, and then I burned it. My dear friend, don't think any thing more about it. I am much happier since I did it." The poor man was aghast. "O, Jeannette!" said he, "you have done me an

irreparable injury! My poor machine, and my months and years of toil and anxiety, by day and by night—you have destroyed it all!" Seeing her husband's grief, she began to cry; but she was quite incorrigible; and not long after, she came again, rejoicingly, to my friend: "Dear Amy," said she, "I am so glad! Now my poor husband will be able to sleep quietly, instead of sitting up half the night, reading those horrid books of his. I have been thinking it over this long time, but I never could contrive how to hinder it; but I have done it at last!" She had hit upon the clever expedient of tearing out every third or fourth leaf from her husband's books, thinking, that when he found the sense missing, he would get tired of his occupation, and leave off reading! When Jacquard next opened a book, to his surprise, he found a leaf gone; he went on a little farther, and found another gone; and then, astonished, he discovered that the whole book was full of these unaccountable gaps; but what was his horror, on discovering, that every book in his library had been visited in the same manner! She had had the patience to go through several hundred volumes in the same way, taking out the leaves so neatly, as not to leave a sign of their ever having been there. Some time after, Jacquard discovered, in a corner of the garret, the missing leaves, piled together, and filling several large baskets.

But the length of my letter warns me, that I am beginning to trespass on the patience of my fair readers; and I, therefore, reserve, for another opportunity, my friend's description of what Madame Jacquard herself considered as the crown of all her doings!

#### STRAY PARAGRAPHS.

—  
BY A LADY.

SUPPOSE it were possible for some one to secure to himself a larger portion of air than would be necessary to supply his lungs, during his mortal life, and yet he should refuse to share with those less fortunate, though they must perish for the lack. Is he less culpable who withholds the bread necessary to existence, from those who are famishing, when the very refuse of his board would make their abundance?

How all-controlling is habit! What of more importance to our happiness and usefulness, than that we form right ones! What a hinderance is the one habit of lying in bed till a late hour, to health, to improvement, to success in any thing, which requires the exercise of our powers of body and mind! The increase in bodily vigor and serenity of spirits, will amply repay us for the effort to rise betimes; besides, when we lie till a late hour, the sense of shame, the diminution of self-respect, adds to the heaviness we feel.

EPHRAIM BROWN;  
OR, THE UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

BY FLORIAN.

I give you notice, in the outset, gentle reader, that I do not intend, in this or any other sketch, to deal in fiction. I never wrote a word of fiction in my life. I have neither genius nor taste in that line. Whenever, therefore, I state a fact or incident, be assured, it has actually occurred in my own observation or experience. You must, therefore, expect from me no startling and thrilling narrative, but only every-day facts and common incidents.

When I entered the academy, in one of the beautiful villages of New England, to pursue the usual course of study, preparatory to college, the first acquaintance I formed was with Ephraim Brown. Ephraim was the son of a very respectable physician in a neighboring town, and was sent to the academy to acquire the education necessary for the study of medicine. He was a good-looking young man, and distinguished for his social virtues and gentlemanly habits. He was a fine scholar, of superior literary taste, and quite accomplished, for a mere academician, in the classics, mathematics, and general literature. His moral character was irreproachable, and his sentiments religiously inclined. For several months he was my room-mate, and I learned to esteem him and to love him to such a degree, that a quarter of a century has not sufficed to annihilate, if at all to diminish, my high regard and warm affection for him.

Ephraim, however, in one respect, was a very singular case. He entertained an idea, that he was a universal genius. At first he thought he would study medicine, and if he did, he would bring about a thorough revolution in the study and practice of that art. He would reduce the science of anatomy to such perfection, as to leave nothing to be attempted. In physiology, he would make discoveries, which would keep all the world agog for a thousand years. In the healing of disease, he would become so skillful, that the people within range of his practice would have to move out of the country, in order, when tired of life, to die.

At the close of the academic term, we had an exhibition. Ephraim was head and body of the whole affair, having the salutatory, and valedictory, and chief part of a scenic performance. His success in the comic-tragic performance was encouraging, and he thought he would become an actor. He would restore the drama to its legitimate purpose. It was true, his religious sentiments would not admit of his becoming an actor in the theater, as now managed; but he would effect a radical change. In his hands, the theater should really be a school of morals. He would himself write a series of plays, that would throw Shakspeare utterly into the background. In acting, he would excel all that ever had been done, or ever should be again. Such actors as Garrick, and Forrest, and Macready,

would either be driven from the stage, or take subordinate parts under his patronage. Full of high expectations of success as an actor, Ephraim went home, and I heard no more of him for some months. On entering college, however, I found Ephraim in the neighboring village, studying law. He had entered his name in the office of a distinguished jurist, and had just finished Blackstone. He thought the practice of the law might be too small business for him. He aspired higher than that. He did not think he ever should open an office; but he intended to become an expounder of the law. He would yet be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, if he did not think there might be too much drudgery in the business. He thought, on the whole, he would become a writer on constitutional law. He would write a treatise on government which should be translated into every civilized language on the globe, and should become the source from which the statesmen of the universe should draw their constitutional principles for a thousand years.

Having accomplished my college course, and taken charge of an academy, I unexpectedly received, one evening, a call from my old friend, Ephraim. He had now concluded to become an astronomer. He had just read Mrs. B.'s Conversations on Natural Philosophy, a common school book of those times, and had mastered the chapter on astronomy, and was going out to lecture on the subject; and as soon as he could, by the avails of his lectures, raise the funds, he would erect, on the top of a very high hill in his native town, an observatory, from which he would make discoveries of far more importance than Herschel had ever dreamed of. In this interview he could talk of nothing but planets, and comets, and fixed stars, and nebulosities.

Ten years or more passed away, during which I had heard nothing of Ephraim, when, on a cold, winter evening, as I was sitting, with my children, about a blazing fire, in our little cottage, on the Atlantic hill, a knock was heard at the door. Wondering who could be there on such a bitter and blustering night, I opened the door, and there stood my old friend, so changed in appearance, I had difficulty in recognizing him. Welcoming him to my fireside, right glad as I was to see him, I asked him where he had been, and what he had been doing, these many years. He cheerfully gave me a history of his life and adventures, with his various enterprises and successes.

Not succeeding as well as he had hoped, in his astronomical excursion, he concluded he would try preaching. Not being a member of any Church, though evidently a man of sincere piety, he determined to preach, as the Kentuckian fought—"on his own hook." He went among the frontier settlements, near the Umbagog Lakes, and began his labors with high hopes of success. He had no doubts, but converts to the truth would be multiplied on his hands, like the rocks along the river

valleys; and he would build up a new and prosperous Church, whose distinctive name he had not fully determined. His Church should be a nucleus, about which should gather fraternal societies, through whom the theology and moral philosophy of the world should be reformed. Ephraim's notions of theology were generally orthodox, but they were somewhat transcendental. He loaded so big a gun, that he wasted all his powder on a few charges, and fired so high over the heads of the people, that he did no execution. After a few rounds, there was nobody left to fire at. All had quietly left his congregation, and he wisely concluded preaching was not his *forte*.

He then strayed over the mountains, at the head waters of the Kennebec, and spent a year or two, working among the farmers, and making himself agreeable and welcome, by his intelligence, affability, and good-nature. At last, he concluded he would turn school-teacher. Being disposed to do good, as well as produce a sensation among the natives, he looked around for some place where his services might be needed. There was a country, known down east, in those times, as the Aroostook, about five hundred miles from any place, and thither Ephraim turned his steps. He found, in the Aroostook, some ten or fifteen families, happily blest, as families in out-of-the-way places usually are, with lots of children. Ephraim opened a school, and remained full three years in the same place, teaching the little children of the wilderness, "a, b, c," "baker," and "no man may put off the law of God," and other matters of science, discussed in Webster's Spelling-Book, with occasional lectures on the classics, anatomy, law, astronomy, and theology, much to the amazement of all down east, who had never heard of so much learning. The people had boarded him round among them, and contributed, in addition, sufficient to keep him in decent clothing, and to enable him to lay by enough to meet the expenses of a foot-journey to the Kennebec, to see his old friends. Ephraim was not determined, when he left my house the next morning, what he should do next; but he thought he should return to the Aroostook, and spend his days teaching the children in the little log school-house the people had erected for him.

I have never seen nor heard of Ephraim since, though some twelve years or more have passed; but I presume he is yet as far as ever from realizing his high-wrought expectations.

I have never been acquainted with any genius just like Ephraim, but I have known many fail in success, from causes similar to those which affected him. His notion, that he was a universal genius, led him continually on a phantom chase after that which ever eluded his grasp. Had he deliberately chosen any definite business of life, and soberly adhered to it, be it medicine, or law, or teaching, or, indeed, any other profession or pursuit, he might have become eminent. He had talents, taste, and good character—capital sufficient to set up any

one in the world; but no man can expect to succeed, in any business requiring time and talent, unless his attention be devoted to that only, with other congenial and auxiliary pursuits. The idea of universality of genius is utterly Utopian. We do not mean, that genius is naturally limited to any one channel of enterprise, but that it can run only in one channel at the same time. Any one, of ordinary capacity, by diligent adherence to any one business or enterprise, may attain a respectable rank; but if he divides his attention and efforts between several enterprises, he will most surely fail in all.

Ephraim seemed greatly to lack independence of will and strength of personality. The least difficulty lying along his path was sufficient to deter him from the prosecution of a favorite enterprise. If one would succeed in the enterprises of life, he must ever love to meet difficulties for the pleasure of overcoming them. In all matters of responsibility, he must be unyielding and uncompromising. The more opposition and impediment he finds, the more energy, determination, and personal will he should exercise. I have seen many young men, of fine talents and amiable disposition, become utterly useless, and sometimes ruined, for the mere want of the "I take the responsibility" principle. Those of a temper yielding in matters of difficulty in enterprises, are usually yielding in moral principle, and hence are they easily seduced by the vicious. Ephraim, however, was as unyielding in morals as he was easily discouraged in enterprises. You could neither coax, nor drive, nor frighten him to do wrong. His conscience was impregnable. In this he differed from most of those who are deficient in personal energy.

On the whole, Ephraim was a right-down good, clever fellow. His faults were such as are common to all easy, clever fellows. If one be predisposed to be vicious and really bad, we can usually, if he have stamina enough about him to stay, when put into the right shape, make something of him; but, when one has not resistance enough to maintain his position, nor cohesion of character sufficient to retain any determinate form, but taking, like water, whatever form surrounding bodies and circumstances may give, there is little hope of accomplishing much by education and discipline. You may labor long and hard, and you can by no effort make water retain the permanent shape of a block of marble or of wood.

CAN he whose soul yearns for the immortality of heaven, ever be given up to despair? Beyond tumultuous billows, and over mountains wrapped in gloom, is there not a light stirring to cheer the pilgrim and the wayfarer?

"*Immortality o'ersweeps  
All pain, all fears, all time, all tears,  
And peals, like the eternal thunder of the deep,  
This truth into our ears, "Thou liv'st forever!"*"

## MRS. MARTHA M'CABE.

—  
BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

THE character of the faithful is the property of the Church, and its delineation is often the means of bringing sinners to her doors. Even when it is not thus blessed, it may be traced with both interest and profit.

MARTHA SEWALL, the child of Daniel and Martha Sewall, was born—some twenty-eight years since—on the banks of the Kennebec. It was her lot to be reared among those virtuous, intelligent, and happy people who dwell in the fruitful tract which lies between that stream and the Penobscot. Her childhood was serene; and long before she encountered the sorrows that shade maturer life, her heart was renovated and fortified by grace. She was a relative of that great and good man, the late Dr. Sewall, of Washington City, and at the age of thirteen was received into his family as an adopted daughter. At his peaceful fireside she acquired, not only those graceful manners and elegant accomplishments which rendered her so easy and attractive in the social circle, but those enlightened views and expansive religious affections which enabled her to feel at home within the doors of any enlightened Christian temple, and which gave to her prayers and charities an intense fervor and a cosmopolitan breadth.

At the age of twenty-four she was united in marriage to the Rev. L. D. M'Cabe, Professor of Mathematics in the Ohio Wesleyan University, whom she loved with an ardor that many waters could not quench.

She had but just entered on the arena of life when—November 7, 1850—she was called away, not to darkness, but to serener light and angelic ministry. Though her record is on high, she will long be remembered on earth. Nothing seemed wanting to render her lovely. I have found excellence is so rare, and, therefore, so precious, that I am prone to magnify rather than disparage it. Lest, however, I be thought to exaggerate here, I will bring a sober, silver-haired patriarch to speak for me. S. W., Esq., says:

"My acquaintance with our beloved sister, brief as it was, had attached me to her in sincere friendship, and I could but admire the amiableness of her character, and the sweetness of her spirit, and, when speaking of her, often thought of an epitaph of some lady, which I have read somewhere—

<sup>4</sup> Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much of virtue as could die;  
Who, while she lived, did vigor give  
To as much virtue as could live."

for I thought hers a most beautiful countenance, and the very personification of sweetness."

Her beautiful form was a fit tenement for her majestic spirit. Professor J. thus writes:

"I can see sister M'Cabe only as I have seen her; her eyes still *beaming* from the necessity of the warmth and light within; her face brightening out

anew into its ready smile. I say *face*; for hers was a smile, not of the mouth, but of the face, each feature radiant of the inner emotion. I can see her hastening to some new act of kindness, of tenderness to some dear object of her regard and affection. Such is the expression of her life which is impressed on my mind. Such is the image of her which I shall carry with me: ever doing, or preparing to do, some act of goodness. If at rest, her soul seemed only composing itself for some new outgoing of affection."

Beautiful picture!

Benevolence was the foundation of her moral excellence—a grace attainable by all, though inspired only by the Holy Ghost. Its manifestations may not, however, be equally pleasing in every individual. Indeed, few are gifted with that gentleness of disposition, that delicacy of sensibility, that tempered enthusiasm, which characterized the subject of this sketch. Rev. Mr. Sewall says:

"Is it true that our dear Martha is no more? Then stood still as warm and unselfish a heart as ever beat. Before religion assumed its empire there, it *seemed* guiltless and pure; and what other fruit the progress of grace produced in her character and life, I am almost at a loss to conceive. I never had a sister; but yet I was at no loss in understanding a sister's love; for that love was hers. . . . I only find myself able to call up the general picture of excellence, which was never marred by look or word, and which will remain ever fresh upon my memory."

Her character, her life was eminently symmetrical. A lady—Mrs. Cruikshank—has given us the following outline of it:

"The first time I saw Martha, I was impressed by the peculiar artlessness and simplicity of her character. I have watched her steadily treading the varied path of life, sometimes through the gay and bewildering scenes of prosperity, sometimes through the dark and thorny wilds of adversity. The scene varied; but she was the same; ever modest, and abstemious in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures; patient, resigned, and self-abased under chastisement. I have seen her when her smile and gentle courtesies adorned the drawing-room, and when, in obedience to the call of filial duty, she left the attractions of the metropolis, and hastened to the remote farm-house to minister to the comfort of her beloved parents. Even in a fashionable morning call, the words of kindness and piety were found on her lips, and the same gladdened the hearts of her friends when immersed in the cares of a household in the rigorous climate of Maine. As a daughter and niece, she was dutiful and affectionate; as a sister, she was kind and sympathizing; always ready to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice. Her conversion and religious experience were marked by the same quiet simplicity and affectionate earnestness that always attended her. She maintained her Christian integrity as long as I was near her, and, I have reason to believe, continued to grow in grace to the end.

Let me not be supposed to flatter. The subject of these remarks has gone to a pure and impartial tribunal, and would look with disapproval on that which would have offended her while encompassed with the infirmities of the flesh. Now I feel as if her eye was upon me, and would only say what her spirit would approve. She was mortal, and, therefore, not without imperfection; but if she erred, she erred in judgment, not in heart. If resentment ever stirred the tranquillity of her feelings, it was excited only against what she thought wrong, and was always mitigated by her kindly feelings for the offender. Her taste and intellectual ability were superior to what usually accompany so much softness of manner and tenderness of heart. I can speak of her with impartiality; for I have experienced her deep and warm affection, and have suffered under her displeasure; and I feel assured that the first was the habitual tendency of her heart toward her friends, and the last the result of that misunderstanding to which human judgment is liable. For myself, I can only say that I never viewed it in any other light, and never ceased to love her, and to estimate her beautiful character, as here faintly drawn."

Though she had a well-balanced mind and a well-regulated heart, her character was not unmarked. The peculiar charm of Mrs. M'Cabe's mind was found in her powers of conception, taste, and affection. So vigorous was her conception, that it seemed to me she could, at any time, transport herself to the past. If one could write the history of himself from the first dawn of reason, what a volume would he produce!—full of interest both to men and angels! I would give a world to feel as I did when first I wreathed the mistletoe around the holly, or as I felt when first I saw the Eternal, and said within myself, "O, I would go through the flames of hell, if necessary, for such a sight as this!" Reader, would you taste the sweets of the past? Go, then, to such a lady as Mrs. M'Cabe, and let her transport you backward, as by enchantment, so that, with her, you think as a child, and laugh as a child, till the illusion is broken, and you grieve that you have "put away childish things."

Mrs. M'Cabe's remarkable power of conception was manifest,

1. In her studies. Eschewing the exact sciences, unless a sense of duty forbade, she reveled in history, romance, and geography.

2. In her conversation. Mention to her, for example, the *Ranz des Vaches*, and her eye would kindle, her whole countenance light up, as though she saw the Swiss shepherd following his herds to the mountain, heard the echoes of his Alpine horn, and even caught the intervals of the beautiful melody. She could have talked to you of the bridges of Icononzo till you grew giddy, or of the Andes till you almost felt the contrast from perpetual verdure to eternal snows. Her husband, perplexed by the descriptions of Solomon's temple that he has been reading, avails himself of her powers of de-

scription, and soon he seems to stand on Mount Moriah. He passes through the porch, opens the folding-doors of fir, enters the holy place, observes the carved figures that adorn the sides and ceiling, and the precious stones that garnish them. He stands before the glittering altar of incense, and between the rows of golden candlesticks. He marks the high-priest opening the folds of the richly ornamented doors of olive wood that close the entrance to the holy of holies. He looks through to the sacred ark overshadowed by the cherubim. Turning, he ascends the winding stairs, and walks the galleries, and looks into the chambers. He surveys the inner court, with its altar of burnt-offering and molten sea, and the outer one, with its goodly gates and royal causeway to the palace. On this side he sees Jerusalem; on that, Mount Zion; below, the brook that "flowed fast by the oracle of God;" in the distance, the olive groves, whence the gales come, wafted with perfume, and, from all quarters, the willing worshipers thronging the ways. Presently he hears music burst from the choir, and roll its thrilling note of praise all over the city of our God. But why should I attempt to describe it? I must send you to some educated and imaginative lady, that you may learn from her sweet lips how Martha drew the picture, and exclaim, as did her lover, "Now all is clear!"

3. In her writing. Rev. Mr. S. says of her, "What a mind had she! Epistolary composition is thought to be the peculiar province of woman; and in how eminent a degree did she illustrate the remark with her pen! She displayed even more talent than in her conversation; and with what accuracy, and extent of reflection, and elegance of expression, did she favor her correspondents!"

4. In her lively sympathies. No one can weep with them that weep, or rejoice with them that rejoice, unless he can place himself in another's stead; and the more completely he can do this, the more powerful will be sympathy. Mrs. M'Cabe's heart was responsive to the softest sigh, and her tears always flowed freely with the tears of the sufferer. Her sympathy was not, however, irrational; not expended equally upon the drowning kitten and the dying man. Nor was it vain, as that of those who weep over the novel, and pass by the poor; but it gave wings to her efforts to relieve.

5. In her discernment of character. She could judge of one's capacities at a distance, as the sailor can of the burden of a ship at sea. She could measure attainments, as a farmer often measures hay—by an eye glance. She could detect a mental weakness or strength, as a practiced military engineer can spy out a defensible or impregnable position. Hence, she rarely found herself embarrassed in company.

Her knowledge of the human heart was still more remarkable. She could almost read your thoughts. She put herself in your stead; and this awakened the emotions and passions which you yourself felt. This was the secret of her inimitable art of pleasing.

She could keep a whole company happy, and make each one feel that he was the object of her special attention, and that without any art, except that of throwing out, on every side, her sensitive soul-feelers, to ascertain each one's wishes, and then casting those "apples of gold in pictures of silver"—the fitly spoken words of kindness—to gratify them.

Had she cultivated her powers of combination as well as those of conception, she would, doubtless, have possessed a glowing imagination, and, perhaps, have produced fine poetry. Had she cultivated "form and color"—to borrow words from phrenology—she might have excelled in the fine arts. She seemed, however, to have no ambition to shine, and so little taste for study that her friends often wondered where she obtained her stores of information. With her softer charms she blended sterner qualities. She had firmness, patience, energy. She could subdue what could be mastered, or endure what could not. Her mind, however, always moved with feminine grace. Gentleness clothed her thoughts, beamed in her countenance, and gave her boldest expressions a stamp corresponding with her own sweet physiognomy, and indicative of a queenly soul, that never failed to *disarm*, if it did not *aze*, the foe, and *please*, when it did not *captivate*, the friend.

II. Her taste was excellent. This was manifest,

1. In her just appreciation of the beautiful, both in nature and morals. She had, also, a fine sense of the ludicrous, unseemly, and incongruous, though she suppressed the wit and railing for which her tongue was so well adapted. She had an intense abhorrence of every thing *mean*. Who ever heard her expose the infirmities, sneer at the misfortunes, ridicule the ignorance, publish the failings, misinterpret the motives, or deny the virtues of others? If you did, my reader, then did you hear what *one*, at least, of her friends never did, and what, doubtless, provoked from her, in her moments of reflection, a fearful atonement.

Her appetite was not that of the jackal; her embraces were not those of the serpent; her generosity was not that of the Bedouin, who lavishes his kindness upon you in the tent, and shoots you down when you stand defenseless in the plain. She thought it her pleasure to *diminish* rather than *multiply* the sorrows of mankind; and well she knew that "a wounded spirit who can bear!" She delighted to delineate the *beauties*, not the *deformities*, of God's handiwork. Especially was she pleased to set character in its better attitudes, to study heart in its happier moods, to trace motives by the ingenuity of that charity which thinketh no evil, and search for graces with the spirit of him that would not "break the bruised reed." Pardon me, gentle reader, I must say I love the artist that can look at your countenance, even if it is ugly, and look, and look on, till he looks you into a good humor, and then, catching the expression, and seizing his brush, cries out, "How beautiful are the

works of God!" Such an artist was the subject of this sketch.

2. In her dress, which was always neat, and, though without pearls or gold, yet tasteful, and often rich.

3. In her manners, so simple, so dignified, so marked with propriety, civility, and kindness.

4. In the strictness with which she observed the limits of her sphere. She had no sympathy with those Amazons, booted and breastless, who harangue the mob and clamor for the property and the "polls." She was a warrior; but she conquered like the sun, not like the storm. She had her field; but it was within the sanctuary of home. She had her rights and privileges—to heal the sick, to reclaim the erring, to sooth the sorrowing, to revive the fainting, and to train up souls to bless men and worship God.

She was a reformer; but her path was not from without inward, but from within outward. Her plan was to make a virtuous and happy world, by making virtuous and happy homes. She achieved her triumphs; but in her own way—the way of exalted womanhood. She could shine upon the heights of prosperity; not, however, with the maddened and fitful flames of the volcano, but with the calm, steady, and peaceful light of the beacon. She could descend to the vale of adversity; but not like the "hell of waters," that dash from shelf to shelf of the frightful precipice, and send up from the abyss an everlasting roar; but rather as the ribbon-like stream that glides, with a gentle music, over the edge of the rock, to light up the chasm with a shower of diamonds, and span it with an arch of rainbows.

III. But her chief excellence was to be found in the depth of her affections. Her heart was womanly; eminently so. This is all that need be said. Alas! Mr. Editor, we men know but little of the power or the mysteries of love. Now and then there is a Petrarch, whom neither the temptations of greatness, nor the love of gold, nor the shouts of praise, can divert from a beloved Laura, and who, turning his back on kings and courts, retires to a secluded vale to breathe out his life in songs of affection for one whom neither the sweetness of his matchless poetry, nor the graces of his magic muse, nor the rapturous admiration of his passionate heart, can win. Such cares, though rare among men, are common among women. Often, however, they are not obvious; for of many a one it may be said—

"She let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek."

Mrs. M'Cabe's love was such as the waters can not drown, nor death itself destroy. Perhaps it was too strong; yet may we not hope that

"He that sits above,  
In his calm glory, will forgive the love  
His creatures bear each other, even if blent  
With a vain worship, for its close is dim  
Even with grief, which leads the wrung soul back to him?"

She was no stranger to Divine love; for she was an exemplary Christian. She was, however, slow to claim the promises of the Gospel, and reluctant to profess her own attainments in grace. In her character conscientiousness seemed to prevail over hope, filial fear over faith, and penitence over religious joy. Sometimes, in happy mood, her soul would tune a harp in Eden's bower, or stand with Moses on the mountain of God, or join in the hal-leluiahs of the heavenly city; but it soon grew timid, and fled to the temple, to hide beneath the wings of the cherub that shade the mercy-seat. We may account for this timidity. She was deeply read in the human heart, and had formed just conceptions of the exceeding breadth of the Divine law, and the awful purity of the Divine character, without, perhaps, having taken the same comprehensive views of the plan of salvation.

I am told that Dr. Sewall, when he was dying, having called around him his family, gave to each member appropriate counsel and blessing. On this solemn occasion, he said to Martha, his adopted daughter, "I find no fault in you." What her uncle could not find in her, however, God, no doubt, could; yet may we not hope that he, also, found in her breast the humble and contrite heart?

Her death was answerable to her life. She passed away, slowly, steadily, gently, beautifully, like the setting sun on a serene autumn evening. O, how sweetly did she say, "Jesus, O, Jesus, I lay my all upon thine altar! I will not remove it; Jesus is mine and I am his!" "Tell my dear father and mother, and brothers and sisters, that life is sweet; but I joyfully lay it down if it will be the means of bringing them to Jesus." "The Lord has dealt so gently with me through this sickness—yes, so gently with me all my life—I praise him; I do praise him for dealing thus gently with me. Living or dying, Jesus is precious."

Reader, are you a husband? and would you learn the value of your wife, and learn to show her the love and tenderness which is her due? Go, listen to the soliloquy of the widower. Methinks I hear him exclaiming, "O, the dreadful desolation, O, the unutterable anguish I feel! I knew not the love I bare her, till I saw her dying. She never spoke an unkind word; she was as considerate of my wants and infirmities as if she had been a ministering angel. How sweet her words when she took me in her cold arms, and said, 'I love you, and know that you love me.' When I saw on her eyelids the shadow of death, the pillars of my soul crumbled." But perhaps, reader, "thou art the man." Be consoled, then. The lost one is still your wife, though she has gone to the city of God. What if she return not to you! you may go to her. As you cross the remainder of life's thorny field, let this prospect be kept in mind.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

### TO MY SISTER.

By the late Mrs. W. H. Kincaid, of Pittsburg, Penn.

As one of the chief points of the following piece lies in the fact, that it was actually written by the lady named just before her death, we publish it exactly as it is.—ED.

### MARGARET, my most fervent prayer

Is, that thy life may ever be  
As calm, as when the summer air  
Is sleeping on a moonlit sea,  
Bright as the day-god's earliest glance,  
Sweet as a song at midnight heard,  
And gladsome as the ripple's dance,  
When by the soft-winged zephyrs stirred!

Should pain or sorrow ever shroud  
The blessed light of thy young years,  
May Hope's effulgence, through the cloud,  
Beam on thy heart, though seen through tears!

May Faith the dark illusion break,  
And Love wipe off each tear that flows,  
As morning breezes gently shake  
The glistening dew-drop from the rose!

May Beauty's white robe be spread,  
In ample fullness, round thy form,  
Earth's choicest joys on thee be shed,  
Life's sunshine without the storm!

And when the things of time and sense  
Shall fade, as stars when day is dawning,  
O, may thy soul soar gladly hence,  
To bask in heaven's eternal morning!

### A MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING INFANT.

BY REV. A. HILL.

SLEEP, precious child, while on thy placid brow  
I press the fervent, oft-repeated kiss!  
The tide of love, that laves my spirit now,  
Flows sweetly through a channel such as this.  
O, if the lips in language could convey  
The deep emotions that the heart can feel,  
How pleasant, then, for Love's own self to say  
What, now, the spirit never may reveal!

Nor words nor tokens ever can declare  
The volume and the tenderness of love;  
Even now, sweet dreamer, from thy forehead fair  
My burning lips reluctantly remove.

I press the sleeper to this throbbing heart,  
And feel the quick pulsations of thine own;  
Cementing, thus, two, seemingly apart,  
By quick electric action into one.

Thy gentle breathing comes as sweet to me  
As the soft zephyr of a joyous spring;  
And O, it is a gladsome thing to see  
Those golden locks, thy temples clustering!

Then, once again I kiss and bless my child;  
With every kiss a prayer and blessing flows;  
Let no one deem me foolish, weak, or wild;  
For O, how dear thou art God only knows!

## RAMBLES IN EUROPE.

BY REV. M. TRAPTON.

HAVING settled our bills, we took up our carriages for London. A cab took us and our small amount of baggage to the Victoria station, for one shilling and sixpence. I say small amount; for I have but one bag; and this is all I purpose to burden myself with during my tour. When I left home—and this I wish to say for the benefit of any reader hereof, who may start, or be started, on a European tour—I filled a large trunk; for when I began to pack up, I imagined I should want a variety of articles; which I found only burdensome, and, therefore, I sent my trunk back by the same ship in which it came. My leather valise I can take in my hands and walk any where, and save some shillings. Half-past two found us at the station—that miserable, uncouth word, *depot*, is never used here—a magnificent building, with a fine glass roof in an iron frame. And we began to have a glimpse of English railroad life. Our first object was to get a ticket. A sign directed us to the "First-Class Ticket Office," and another to the "Second and Third Class." We had been advised to ride in the second class as a matter of economy and pleasure, inasmuch as the fare in the first class is nearly double, and the society so outrageously exclusive as to bar all sociability. Nine-tenths of all the travel is in the second, third, and fourth-class cars. The first alone are cushioned; the others can offer you but a board. Yet with a Scotch long shawl you can do well. And then the people are here, the lords there. All of the middle class ride in the middle-class car; and the poorer class take the third and fourth class; this last being only a platform, with a rail round it, and the passengers standing up. The cars are constructed similar to an old-fashioned stage-coach, with the doors in the sides, the seats facing each other, so that, if you are not spit upon, you are trodden under foot. This, however, augments the revenue of the country; for your boots must be blacked after each ride.

You crawl into the coach, as it is here ycleped, and if you are six feet in stature, you can not sit upright with a hat on your head, if you have cushioned your seat. And there you sit all day, longing for the end, or an American car. I took the liberty of telling one gentleman, that if a first-rate American railroad train could drive through the city of London, it would do more to advance the interests of humanity there than all the presses now groaning in this great city. The remark was somewhat hyperbolical; but still it had some truth in it. Progress is a matter the English people do not seem well to understand. But they are an old people, and their country was finished before ours was known to exist. Hence, it does not get through their hair that there can be a better way of doing things than the way our fathers did them. Therefore, when the iron road was made, what better

way could there be than to transfer the old stage-coach body from its old wheels to the iron, and "leave it alone in its glory?" We, you know, tried them, and soon threw them aside. I saw a regiment of them in some old stable-yard between Albany and Buffalo. The objection to our long and commodious cars, brought by an Englishman, is, that they do not like such sociality; they do not like to be mingled with every body. But in an English car, unless in some of the first-class coaches, you are literally face to face with your neighbors, as much so as in a stage-coach. But while the cars are execrable, the roads and the arrangement are excellent. Nothing that money and skill can accomplish has been spared to make these roads perfect; and hence the railroad bankruptcy. "Our roads do not pay," is the oft-repeated remark there. Nothing is rough and unfinished. From the laying of the rail to the planting of the hedge-row on the borders, all is finish.

The officials are generally polite, and they are not permitted to take the "everlasting shilling." But your baggage you must look out for. The convenient system of ticketing your baggage, prevailing with us, is unknown here. You must have your eyes open. At all the road-crossings, as we sped along, I observed a man standing with a flag on his shoulder, facing the road, upright as a Prussian soldier, till you pass. No accidents occur, then, at these crossings. The guard knows the time of the approach of each train, and no person is allowed to cross the track till the train passes. The doors of the coaches, next to the second track, which is always on the right—as here the "law directs, turn to the left"—are always locked, so that passengers can not step out upon the track and be cut into mince-meat by a passing train. At each place for taking water and coke, engineers pass the whole length of the train, and, with a hammer, rap each wheel, to ascertain if all are sound. Hence, you seldom hear of the breaking of a wheel. On these splendid roads you are not smothered with dust and smoke; for, as the coal is coked, there is no smoke or sparks, and the road being grassed or gravelled, no dust arises.

But it is time to look inside. Our company was mixed. Here, side by side, sit two Yankees; there is an aristocratic family, who have taken the whole middle department; and farther, in the other end, are some jockeys, who have been up somewhere to "the races," which are just over. As the partitions in this car only rose half way, I could look over, and see what was going on. Soon the ruling passion of the English began to stir the stomach, and the lunch baskets were produced; and sandwiches, and cake, and cold mutton appeared, in rich variety. The old gent, at the head of all, pulled out a long, black bottle. A cork-screw, as necessary an article for an Englishman as a tooth-pick for a Yankee, or a Bowie-knife for a Mississippian, was drawn from the pocket, a silver cup from the basket, and pop! the red wine appeared. A little boy was in the

same apartment, who said he was going up to London to his friends. The old gentleman generously gave him a portion of the lunch, and then offered him the cup; and each time he himself drank he gave the lad also; and when we reached London that night, the boy could not stand. He was dead drunk. A gentleman got him into a carriage, and sent him home—a pretty sight for his waiting relatives! However, it was probably only a source of amusement to them.

English *taciturnity* has been a subject so hackneyed among us as now to be almost lost sight of. But I must dissent here. An Englishman has good common sense, and he will not obtrude himself upon you, nor volunteer to give information, nor ask the first question; but when you approach him and seek information, he is ready to give it, and becomes sociable. This, no doubt, arises from an innate conviction of superiority—a high degree of self-esteem; as if he would say, "I am first. If you want any thing, come to me." And this was true, till the Yankee nation was born. But this feeling is fast giving way to a more correct estimate of national character. In my intercourse with my elder brethren, thus far, I have no fault to find with them in this respect.

An incident occurred in the cars to-day, which amused me much, and so firmly illustrates aristocratic caste, that I am fain to jot it down for the information and amusement of my readers. A man entered the cars somewhere between Liverpool and London; and, as I endeavored to make every body talk, I soon set his tongue running.

"I am going to see a friend of mine, who has just returned from America," said he; "and he has returned home the most independent fellow you ever saw. He goes snapping his fingers about, and cares for nobody. His father disowned him some ten years ago, and he went to America, bought a large tract of land in — state, and is well to do in the world."

"What was the difficulty between him and his father?" I inquired.

"Why, you see, he took it into his head to marry a *publican's* daughter, and the old folks forbade it."

"A *publican's* daughter!" said I; "you mean a *republican*; and his father was one of your *nobles*, or a high monarchist."

"O, no, no," said he; "he married a tavern-keeper's daughter."

"And who was his father?"

"Why, his father was a clergyman!"

"But was not the *publican*, as you call him, a likely man—a man of good character?"

"O, yes, to be sure."

"And the girl: was she not a girl of good character and standing in society?"

"O, yes, indeed! But you see there is a difference in their position in society, which made such a connection improper."

"I see no such thing, my friend. I only see that one man fed the body for money or hire, and the other fed the soul for the lucre; and the first

may be the better man. To my mind, these distinctions are foolish and without foundation; and the young man showed a commendable and manly independence, and his father showed himself utterly unfit to preach the Gospel, which commands us to 'mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.' I have half a mind to call on your friend with you."

"Well, you would like him. And, by the way, since he came over, some of his friends, who cut him, have invited him to visit them; but he could not make it convenient. Ha, ha! He's the most independent fellow you ever saw!"

The train stopped, and my loquacious friend stepped out. But good luck to the man who married a *publican's* virtuous daughter, and snaps his fingers in the faces of slaves to the conventionalisms of a rotten aristocracy!

Night-shades are gathering about us, and we are yet far from London. We seem to have been riding through a dense forest of oaks all day. English agriculture is carried to a high state of perfection; but so many oaks, it seems to me, must shade the ground to the injury of vegetation. The hedges are neat, but take up much more room than an American fence, unless it be a *stump* fence. But we are told this is not the best agricultural region of England, and, of course, we can not judge correctly. English farmers will live and make money where an American would starve. The secret is, they lease only so much land as they can thoroughly till and feed; for a good agriculturist knows right well that his land must be fed, as well as his stock, in order to yield.

On we fly, over bridges, by hedges; now a manufactory; now a brick-yard; now a cluster of little, dingy, brick houses, with roofs of tile; but no fine, large, white farm-houses; not a solitary country residence, such as we see in America, with a noble barn and out-buildings. Stacks of hay and ricks of grain you often see; but it looks solitary to us. The tillers of the soil trudge off miles to their work, and home again at night. But the soil is not theirs; but belongs to some overgrown "laird," who has no more righteous claim to it than he has to one of *Saturn's* rings.

At eleven o'clock at night we ran into the most famous city in the world. A cab took us to "No. 7, King's-street, Cheapside," and soon sleep came, and banished care.

ONE of the simplest, and yet the most irrefragable of arguments in favor of the Bible is this: that wherever its doctrines have been disseminated, and its precepts practiced, man has been elevated, improved, and happyfied. On the contrary, wherever the Bible and its teachings have been despised, or treated with indifference, man has been debased, sensualized, and rendered miserable. Infidelity, spite of all its pretensions, is the worst thing, in a worldly point of view, which can possibly befall man.

## THE DEPARTED.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

SPRING, with its ethereal mildness, its budding beauty, and its gentle music of bee and of bird, is come again. The soft south wind fans the fevered cheek, and gently rustles among the branches of the old beech-tree. The leaves are putting out, like beauteous childhood bursting into youth. The grass is green again. The wild flowers bedeck the hill-side and sprinkle the sod of the valley. The bees are busily humming about the flowers and among the green leaves. The birds are chirping and hopping from sprig to sprig of the forest-trees. On the fence sits the robin, singing her plaintive monotone. On the bush the little sparrow chirps with a sweet though sad note. Perched on the topmost branch of the maple, sits the mocking-bird, sweetest of nature's songsters, not inferior even to Philomel, pouring, from her mellow throat, sounds of entrancing melody. From the grove comes the moan of the turtle-dove, soft and sad.

Delightful is the return of spring. Happy the eyes that look on her in her beauteous drapery! Happy the ears that hear her joyous sounds! Beautiful is earth, reviving is the air, pleasant is the light.

Amid the gladness of nature my heart reverts to those to whom spring returns no more—to those who have been among us, once of us, but who now are sleeping in the grave, unawakened by the exciting sounds of a spring morning; unaroused by the morning bell that calls to prayer; unconscious of the soothing influence of the balmy breeze returning from the warm south-west; unmindful of the return of bird, and of flower, and of morn. In deep, unbroken, undisturbed repose they lie; nor answer they, though we bow our face to their lowly bed, and call them long and loud. They wake not, though the sun rise and set in brilliancy over them. They slumber on, though the rains fall, the lightnings flash, and the thunders roll. The springing plant and blooming flowers arouse no emotions in them. The leaves of autumn fall, and wither on their bosom, but bring to them no emotions of sadness. They heed not the coming of summer, with her gorgeous drapery; nor of autumn, with her yellow harvests, her falling leaf, and her thoughtful melancholy; nor of winter, though its blasts blow bleak and furious over them; nor of spring, though it bring joy and gladness to childhood, and to youth, and to manhood. To them all seasons and all earth's changes are the same. Spring after spring will return, summer after summer will come and be gone, autumn after autumn will clothe the fields in mourning, winter after winter will spread her white winding-sheet over all the beauty and the bloom of earth, year after year will be numbered, generation after generation will sweep along, age after age will pass away, cycle after cycle will revolve, and yet they, the loved, the lost from earth, sleep on. Their

forms change. Their images fade from every thing, but from the heart of love.

In the rural cemetery on the hill-side, just over the valley from the classic hall, on whose portals are inscribed the name of Indiana and of Asbury, there lie sleeping, side by side, twice seven of the students of the University. It is a fitting place of rest. On that spot falls the first gleam of morning. There linger the last rays of evening. Generous hearts and liberal hands have inclosed the sacred ground against the sacrilegious tread of the thoughtless beast. They who, in their interest for the living, forgot not the dead, have planted flowers to shed their fragrance over the grave. There lie, in that inclosure, the amiable, the generous, the good, the talented. Stars of glorious brilliancy have set. Gems of the first water have there been buried. The brightest and the best among us have passed away. They fell in the very beginning of the journey of life.

But not alone the twice seven have departed. Others there were, whose places are now vacant among us, and vacant at the fireside of home. They left us for a season, expecting to return. But the day of return came not. They fell sick, they died, and their names are struck from our list. Nor these alone. Others there were, who finished the literary and scientific course, and received the honors of the institution. They went forth from the halls of the University to engage in the busy scenes of active life. They went forth, hoping often to return again to the cherished associations that cluster around their alma mater. But, alas! they have returned no more. They have fallen—fallen by disease and death. Their graves are made far apart—one on the banks of the soft and gentle-flowing Wabash, one by the majestic Missouri, one by the magnificent Mississippi, and another on the bloody plains of the Rio Grande.

Gentle reader, I would devote with you an hour to the memory of these dear ones, my pupils, whose early fate I can but deplore, though I would most cheerfully ever submit to the mysterious dispensations of that Providence

“Who doeth all things well.”

The first of the graduates of our University who fell was Balingal, a noble specimen of the higher order of humanity. I seem to see him now stand before me, as once he stood, with his neat and manly form, his regular and beautiful features, his keen, black eye, his sprightly action, his rapid yet distinct enunciation, and his thrilling tones of eloquence. He had the mind to perceive, the heart to love, and the moral courage to advocate truth. His intellect was brilliant, his taste refined, and his moral character of exquisite mold. He seemed clothed with a seamless, unspotted, unblemished robe, radiant with beauty, and adorned with glorious grace. He might have entered, with abundant promise of success, the ambitious arena of professional life. But he chose to be a minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. To that work he devoted his energies, his talents, his life. In it he

embarked all the powers and faculties of soul and body. Had he lived to middle age, he would have become distinguished for his power and eloquence—among the most distinguished sons of the west. But short was his career. He darted a brilliant star athwart the sky of time, and suddenly disappeared, spent in his own radiancy, expiring in his own excess of light.

The second on the list of the fallen is Kinder. He was not distinguished as a scholar. Neither mathematics, nor languages, nor metaphysics was his *forte*. He, however, had talents for scholarship sufficiently developed to enable him to maintain a respectable rank in his class. While there were in his character no elements of distinguished eminence in learning, yet there were elements of certain success in public life. His person was tall and commanding; his social intercourse, complaisant and agreeable; his temper, amiable, kind, and benevolent; his aims lofty; and his measures honorable. No project was too difficult for his enterprise. Nothing feasible could resist his energy.

He was remarkable for his generosity even to his competitors; and still more distinguished for his devoted attachment to his friends. If you became his enemy, you need never fear unmanly retaliation. If you became his friend, you had him at your service forever.

After he left the institution, he studied law, and settled in the practice in one of the southern counties of Indiana. He intended to devote himself to law and politics. He was elected, soon after he graduated, Secretary of the Indiana house of representatives; and he was looking forward to positions of high distinction, which he hoped, and had good reason to expect, to obtain. He would, had he lived, have soon offered himself as a candidate for Congress; and, from his indomitable enterprise, untiring energy, and substantial popularity, he could but have succeeded.

On the call for volunteers to march to the relief of General Taylor on the Rio Grande, Kinder stepped forward among the first of the martial patriots of the west. At the battle of Buena Vista he commanded a company of one of the Indiana regiments. After many brilliant exploits of bravery and deeds of noble daring, he fell on that field of glorious renown for the American name, but of death to many a brave son of the west. On the same field fell Hardin, and M'Kee, and Clay—names better known, but no more noble, no more worthy than that of Kinder.

Thus perished, at an early age, on the battlefield, a man who gave promise of standing in the highest ranks of the honored and the favored among the public men of Indiana.

The third on our list of early victims to disease and death is Nisbet. He was a fine scholar, and remarkable for his dignity of character and his quiet demeanor. In all his habits he was a pattern of system, order, and regularity. Amiable as a man, and devoted as a Christian, he lived respected, and

died in faith and in hope. Of him I heard nothing from the time he left the University till I saw in the journals of the day a notice of his death. I can, therefore, from want of knowledge, say less of him than of some others. I only learned that he died, as might have been expected from such a life, a death of peace, in full hope of heaven.

Greenberry Short came, a few years ago, to the University, without education, without money, and without friends. He was youthful in appearance, and undisciplined in mind. A benevolent gentleman, in one of the rising cities on the Wabash, had found him a boy of all work at some public house in the city, and discerning beneath the uncouth exterior the mind of the boy,

*"A gem of purest ray serene,"*

he aided him to reach this place, for the purpose of finding, if possible, some chance to pay his way at college. Short came in vacation, and, in the absence of the President, reported himself to me. He told me he was poor, and had no friends to help him. He had been living as he could, supporting himself by any kind of labor he could obtain. He had been extremely unhappy in his transient and aimless mode of life. He ardently desired an education. He had yearnings of heart and aspirations of soul for science and literature. He would do any thing, and suffer any thing, in hope of acquiring a respectable education.

Such appeals as he made to me can never go unheeded. It was to me the story of my own early life:

*"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi;  
Et quorum pars magna fui."*

I told him if it was possible to put him through college, we would do it. We gave him the office of janitor, and aided him in obtaining various other means of replenishing his funds, as they became from time to time exhausted. By the labor of his own hands, with a little occasional aid from the kind-hearted gentleman who first drew him from obscurity, he was able to proceed in his studies, without interruption, to graduation.

Few young men have gone from among us with higher honors. He had a strong, vigorous, and highly improvable mind. The way he would hold up before you, analyze, and reconstruct an intricate mathematical proposition, would do the very heart of the teacher good. He had the power of looking directly through a subject, and of explaining it with a perspicuity and elegance really extraordinary. I have often been charmed by his appropriate diction, and even eloquent manner, in reciting an ordinary lesson. No matter what the subject—geometry, calculus, Latin, Greek, logic, or philosophy—Short was always ready, always clear, always interesting; I might even say, always *eloquent*.

In his social character he was generous of soul, conciliating in manner, kind of heart, cheerful in spirit, and animated in conversation.

In the winter of 1847, there occurred among us one of those glorious revivals with which God

occasionally favors his people, to remind them of the day of Pentecost—a revival in which the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ is displayed in mighty power, till scarcely one of mature age is left unconverted in the whole community. In that revival Short went forward to the altar, kneeled as a penitent, prayed as a sinner, arose rejoicing, gave his hand to the Church, his heart to God, and his life to the cause of Christian piety.

Some time during the winter of 1850, a graduate of this University, residing in New Orleans, accidentally learned that a stranger, friendless and alone, sick and dying, had arrived from Indiana, at one of the hotels of the city. Prompted by the feelings of humanity, which I trust will never be found wanting among those who drink from the pure fountains of Christian literature, he called to see who might be the helpless stranger in distress. On entering the room, he saw before him, on his dying bed, his old associate, Greenberry Short. A glance was sufficient to tell the story. The destroyer had left his imprints strongly marked. Consumption, that had brought Balingal and Nisbet to the grave—consumption, that comes by stealthy tread, and seizes on beauty and talent, nor relaxes its hold, till its reluctant victim yields up his last breath, had nearly done its work on Short. The hand of Death was on him. For a few days he lingered, and then he died. He was followed to the grave by a single mourner, the classmate who stood by him in the hour of dissolution. Thus he sleeps, away from his early home, and from the classic halls of his alma mater, in a grave probably no longer recognized in that great city, where the dead of all nations slumber side by side, unknowing and unknown.

As he lay on his dying bed, in the city of the south, he must have reflected with unspeakable delight on that holy evening, the evening of the Christian Sabbath, when, at the altar of prayer, he gave himself to God and the Church. O, in that hour, that sad hour, that must soon or late come on us, that hour of dissolution, when earth is fading away from the expiring vision, and the eternal world is looming up, there will be no scene remembered with more unalloyed delight than the revival scene, the altar, the circle of prayer, and the reception of Church fellowship! Forgotten then, or remembered only with regret, are scenes of worldly amusement and of popular ambition. But when darkness is gathering over all the landscape, the light of glory, reflected from the altar of prayer, will stream all along our pathway through the valley of the shadow of death, till it meets and fades away in that brighter light that beams from the throne of the Eternal.

The last on our list of the fallen is Hester; Hester, the human angel; Hester, a man of the most exquisite refinement, of the sweetest temper, of the most gentle spirit, of seraphic mind. As a scholar, he had few equals, no superiors. As a man, he was faultless. As a Christian, he was heavenly.

Hester devoted himself, body and soul, heart and

mind, to the Christian ministry. He was an able and eloquent preacher, and a most devoted pastor. He died at St. Louis, on the 28th of July, 1850. The last year of his life was spent in that city, as a minister of the Gospel of the grace of God. He had been assiduous in every good work. He had organized Sunday schools and Bible classes among his people. He had introduced weekly lectures for the exposition of the Bible. He had distributed tracts among the neglected and the outcasts of the city. In the summer of 1850, the cholera, the dreaded and dreadful scourge of nations, returned to St. Louis, after its most disastrous ravages the year before. Hester abandoned not his post. He not only stood his ground, but he went into the very midst of danger and of death. He administered to the sick, he stood at the bedside of the dying, he followed the dead to the grave, and performed the funeral service over their remains. He seemed to have a presentiment that he himself should fall a victim to the destroyer, and he exerted himself the more to do his work before the day of his departing should come. While in the midst of his unremitting labors to ameliorate the condition of his people, by instruction, by exhortation, by visiting the sick, and burying the dead, he fell sick, lingered a few days, and died.

His death-scene was an hour of moral sublimity. It was one of those occasions which God sometimes affords for the encouragement of the faithful. As he approached the lethean waters, which all of earth must cross, there shone forth on the dark stream a beam of light from the eternal world, more beautiful than moonlight falling on the rippling tide, and brighter than noonday sunlight on the forest lake. And the somber mountains that overhang the gloomy river seemed to echo with sweeter sounds than ever rose from Eolian harps or Orphean lyre. Songs of praise to his Savior, and words of prayer for his absent mother, whom he tenderly loved, occupied alternately his tongue, till it became silent in death. Thus died Hester, a young man of character so perfect, that no eye but Omnipotence could easily detect in him the presence of a fault or the absence of a virtue. Those who knew his worth can never forget him, till the grave throws its oblivious shroud over them.

Hester exhibited indications of fine poetic talent. Some of his prose articles, and perhaps a short poem or two, have been published in the Repository. The following passage I have extracted from an article written while he was in college. It refers to real scenes, that transpired at the time, and that will not soon be forgotten. Consoling is the thought, founded in the innate sentiments of the human heart, and confirmed by the Christian Scriptures, that the seraphic Hester, and the beauteous angel-child whom he met, blithesome and joyous, at the May-day festival of 1846, and over whose remains, in less than a week, he watched, the night before burial, have met again, and recognized each other in heaven.

## THE CONTRASTED PICTURE.

"There is a gayety and joyance about youth, that seem to throw a charm around its very name. Truly hath one sung this 'the sweet, poetic age.' *Then* the stream of our being flows gently on. *Then* bloom, along its banks, the flowers of hope, and love, and joyous expectancy. Too happy to dream that time is weaving sackcloth for the heart, we sport along in the bright sunshine of our existence, unmindful of the past, and reckless of the future. The freshness of spring beckons us forth; we drink in the breath of the rose, the song of birds, and the melody of streamlets. Nature herself seems our relative. We claim kindred with the forest-trees that canopy our retreat, and converse with the zephyrs that sigh through their leafy branches. Sunset and beauty are synonymous terms; twilight and joy speak but the same language to the heart. O, how many fountains of the soul are opened up! how many fresh streamlets of bliss gush forth at the silent night-fall, when each moment seems holy, and consecrated to love and religion! Thus, gentle reader, I mused one bright and joyous eve, almost unconscious how the tide of time and thought swept o'er me, till the ring of the merry-toned bell announced the hour for the assembling of the young, of the young and gay. Not in the crowded hall of revelry, where mingle the proud and fashionable of the 'city life,' the elite of the beau monde, with the practiced bow and dissembled smile; not where the wine-cup sparkles, and the strained chords of some favorite instrument awaken the melody of numbers. No; not there. But we met where the blue sky itself was one jeweled canopy, and the greensward spread out a rich carpet for our youthful feet. Embowered in a leafy covert, beside a smiling cottage, the soft breath of evening stole round, with its low whisper of love; the gushing stars looked forth from their sparkling homes, and seemed to mingle, in magic sweetness, their pure rays with the flashing of a hundred lights that streamed from the surrounding trees. Yes; it was a joyful hour for those who loved the social circle. Joy sat upon each brow; love beamed from each eye; and the bounding heart seemed leaping against the walls of its clayey prison-house, as sweetly wild and wildly sweet, rose the May-day song. The trembling air bore it aloft upon its unseen wings, till the melodious numbers, dying away in the distance, were but faintly repeated by a wandering echo. But brief, it is said, brief are our joys, enduring our grief and sorrows. Alas, that it should so often be true! A week passed, and we met again. We met—yes—but not amid the blaze of lamps; not with the gush of song; not with hearts leaping with joy; not around the festive board. 'Who can tell what a day may bring forth?' Who may say, when the sun rises beautifully fair, that he may not set in a cloud? and that the rose that opens so gaily in the morning may not wither ere the hour of noon? Alas! 'twas even so! The flower had been snapped from the parent stalk.

We met, to gather up the scattered leaves, and lay them where the rude foot treadeth not. Emma was that faded flower. Death had set his signet upon her brow. And, O, how the heart shuddered as it felt that *she* was marked for the silent tomb! I approached, to gaze upon her lovely features; yes, lovely yet, though pale from that icy touch; but I heard, from the lips of a heart-broken mourner, who bent o'er the lifeless clay, the chilling words, 'How cold—how cold!' My blood coursed freezingly through my veins. I shrank back from the view, and felt almost as if the icy fingers of Death were clutching at my own heart. My story is told. A death-scene I can not depict. You who were there *felt* it. You who stood by Rosabel's corpse, on the windows of whose soul the curtains had been drawn for a long, long sleep, have felt what the heart would fain experience but seldom. You who gazed upon that young bud of promise, cut down in the gush of childhood and joyous innocence, and heard the low-breathed prayer and stifled sigh from bosoms grief-wrung and careworn, were not unmoved observers, passionless, and without tears. As for me, those cold, cold words sunk like ice into the chambers of my very heart. And even now, as oft as memory calls them up, a kind of shuddering comes o'er me; the low-bent mourner, and the pale visage of the lifeless flower-girl, rise before my vision. Long, long shall I remember that slowly moving funeral procession; long, the rumbling noise of those carriage wheels; long, the mournful, melancholy chimings of that tolling bell. Nor shall I soon forget that, as we passed from that garden of flowers, with *her*, the loveliest of the gay parterre, my heart, as I recalled the scene of the week ago, muttered, *And this is a contrast!*"

## A HEART-SONG.

BY MISS A. CROFUT.

O, ask me not to sing again;  
My heart is much too sad  
To wake the voice of music  
To notes so soft and glad.  
My thoughts are fixed on other days,  
When life to me was new,  
And hope's enchanting pencil  
Bright scenes of pleasure drew.  
But ah! those colors faded,  
And joy from me has fled;  
My heart is like a withered rose,  
With all its fragrance shed.  
The song that suits my spirit now  
Is plaintive, soft, and slow,  
Like the wailing winds of autumn,  
When they lay each leaflet low.  
Then ask me not to join in mirth;  
My heart is much too sad  
To wake the voice of music  
To notes so soft and glad.

## THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1851.

## THE VISION OF MICAH.

BY REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

IT is a vision of the future glories of the Church. The prophet finds an emblem of it in Mount Sion, or the mountain of the temple of the Lord. This was not remarkable for height. Far loftier mountains arose throughout Palestine. There were the mountains which stand alway about Jerusalem. There was Salmon, with its perpetual snow. There were the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan, who had been lovely in their lives, in their death were not divided. There was Carmel, shadowing the waters of the west, and covered, to its summit, with a robe of undying green. There was Tabor, rising, like an island, from the plain of Esraelon, which lies, like an ocean, around it. And, in the north, stood the great form of Lebanon, rising above the clouds, and covered with the cedars of God,

"Whose head in wint'ry grandeur towers,  
And whitens with eternal sleet;  
While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
Is smiling rosy at his feet."

Compared to these, and others, Mount Sion was but a little hill—a mere dot on the surface of the globe. But dearer it was than any, or all of them, to Micah's heart. And why? Because it was the mountain of the Lord's house. No temple stood on Tabor; no incense streamed from Carmel; to Lebanon no tribes went up, nor sacrifices ascended from its cedar summits. Sion alone represented the position of the Church, not to be compared in magnificence or in multitude of votaries with other systems, but possessing, in the presence of the Spirit of the Lord, a principle of divine life, and an element of everlasting progress.

But the prophet has now a "vision of his own." Sion, in his dream, begins to stir, to move, to rise. It first surmounts the hills which are around Jerusalem; then rises higher than Carmel, that solitary mountain of the west; then overtakes Tabor; and springs up, at last, as far above Lebanon as Lebanon was above the meander hills of the land. It is established on the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and up to it he sees flocking all nations. It has become the center of the world. It gives law to every people and tongue. The Lord himself sits in the midst of it, distributing justice impartially to all near and far off. And around and within the shadow of his universal throne, the prophet beholds many hammering their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; others sitting below their vine and fig-tree; and all calm, peaceful, and happy, under the solitary scepter of Jehovah.

Thus shaped itself on Micah's eye a prospect which must yet be transferred from his to the broad page of the world. Like Sion, the Church is, in one view, very small. Hindoos and Chinese speak of her as a low heresy, creeping about the mountains and marshes of Europe; and contrast her with their ancient and colossal establishments. Jews and Mohammedans deride her, as cemented by the blood of Him that was crucified. And, in one sense, they are right in so judging; in another, they are fearfully mistaken. Christianity is nothing, except that it is divine; nothing, except that it comes from heaven; nothing, except that it is to cover the whole earth with its power and its praise. The arm of a

prophet was just like any other human arm; it possessed precisely the same number of bones, sinews, muscles, and veins. And yet, when raised to heaven, when electrified from above, it could divide the sea, raise the dead, and bring down fire from the clouds. So the true Church of Christ is just an assemblage of simple, humble, sincere men; that is all. But the Lord is on their side; and there we discern a source of energy, which shall yet shatter thrones, change the destiny of nations, and uplift, with irresistible force, the mountain of the Lord's house above the mountains and above the hills.

This despised and struggling Church shall yet become universal. "All nations shall flow unto it." Those who wander on the boundless steppes of Tartary; those who shiver amid the eternal ice of Greenland; those who inhabit Africa, that continent of thirst; those who bask in the lovely regions of the South Sea; all, all are to flow to the mountain of the Lord. They are to "flow;" they are to come, not in drops, but with the rush and the thunder of mighty streams. "Nations are to be born in one day." A supernatural impulse is to be given to the Christian cause. Christ is again to be, as before, his own missionary. Blessed are the eyes which shall see this great gathering of the nations, and the ears which shall hear the sound thereof. Blessed above those born of women, especially, the devoted men, who, after laboring in the field of the world, shall be rewarded, and, at the same time, astonished, by finding its harvest-home hastened, and the work, which they had been pursuing, with strong crying and tears, done to their hands, done completely, and done from heaven. In this belief lies the hope and the help of the world. But for a Divine intervention, we despair of the success of the good cause. Allow us this, and Christianity is sure of a triumph, as speedy as it shall be universal. On Sabbath, the 16th of May, 1836, we saw the sun seized, on the very apex of his glory, as if by a black hand, and so darkened that only a thin, round ring of light remained visible, and the chill of twilight came prematurely on. That mass of darkness within seemed the world lying in wickedness, and that thin, round ring of light, the present progress of the Gospel in it. But not more certain were we then, that that thin, round ring of light was yet to become the broad and blazing sun, than are we now that, through a Divine interposal, but not otherwise, shall the "knowledge of the glory of the Lord cover the earth as the waters the sea."

With this coincides Micah's prophecy. From Sion, as of old, the law is to go forth; and the word of Jehovah, issuing from Jerusalem, seems to imply, that he himself is there to sit, and judge, and reign; his ancient oracle resuming its thunders, and again to his feet the tribes going up. And the first, and one of the best fruits of his dominion, is peace. "They learn war no more." Castles are dismantled; men of war plow the deep no longer; but are supplanted by the white sails of merchant vessels; soldiers no more parade the streets in their loathsome finery of blood; swords and spears are changed into instruments of husbandry, or, if preserved, are preserved in exhibitions, as monuments of the past folly and frenzy of mankind. (Perhaps a child finds the fragment of a rusty blade some day in a field, brings it to his mother, asks her what it is, and the mother is unable to reply!) Peace, the cherub, waves her white wing, and murmurs her soft song of dovelike joy over a regenerated and united world.

All hail, ye "peaceful years!" Swift be your approach; soon may your great harbinger divide his clouds and come down; and soon may the inhabitants of a warless world have difficulty in crediting the records which tell of the wretchedness, the dispeace, the selfishness, and the madness of the past.

THE SHAWL FAIR OF MAKARIEF.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELER.

MAKARIEF, a petty place on the Volga, lies midway between north and south, between Europe and Asia, and in the center of the Russian empire. The fair takes place in summer, and this gives time to the inhabitants of this vast empire, as well as to strangers, to return to their homes before the setting-in of the severe season. For centuries, merchants from every nation, from every country, however distant, flocked into Makarief, and rendered this fair the most important in Europe. From one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand people are usually assembled at it, and the effect of the motley crowd, in so many different costumes, of the Babel of so many different languages, beggars description.

Forming the vast medley, are found Russians from every province of the empire, Tartars in great number, Kalmucks, Bokharians, Greeks, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and even Hindoos, from the colony of Astrakan, Germans, and French, and English, also come to the fair; but, generally speaking, the western Europeans play only a secondary part, while the Russian and oriental merchants hold the first place.

All the articles, that must be separately sought in different places of the most considerable trading cities, are collected at the fair of Makarief. Old rags, and the furs of the black fox and the ermine; beech-wood boxes of Caviare, and splendid mahogany wardrobes; coarse felt and Lyons damask; Russian sail-cloth and Cashmere shawls; glass beads and orient pearls; wooden shoes and English boots; Tartar mantles and Parisian fashions; harness for horses and richly bound books; in short, this fair combines every thing, from the actually necessary article to the richest and most recherche invented by European and Asiatic luxury.

This variety of merchandise, and the assemblage of buyers and sellers from every country, presents a singular spectacle, and occasions odd scenes. A poor Tartar buys from a man from the Black Forest, for a few rubles, a wooden cuckoo-clock, while his neighbor, the Bokharian, counts down a thousand rubles for the large watch, playing twelve waltzes, which he has just purchased. Here a cunning German, a wine merchant, concludes a bargain with a Greek for some hundred hogheads of Greek and Moldavian wine, which he intends to pass off for the produce of French and Spanish vintage; there, a Prussian merchant exchanges with an Armenian a handful of pearls for some thousand quintals of iron, that most useful of metals, which forms the most important branch of Russian commerce, and of which the greater number of the countries of Europe lay in their stock at the fair of Makarief. Tea is also one of the principal commodities, its sale at Makarief sometimes amounting to the enormous figure of two millions of rubles.

The shops present nothing like the brilliant display of the warehouses of London or Paris; far from it! For instance, booths containing value for many millions, such as those in which are heaped up the rich furs of Siberia, are in a by-place, at a distance from the crowded parts

of the fair. They must be sought out, and, when found, what is presented to view? A few chests, some covered with mats or common carpeting, others bare; two men quietly seated beside them, not appearing to care for customers. But at whatever hour of the day you enter these booths, small cups of tea are handed you before any inquiry is made whether you are intending to buy, or merely attracted by curiosity.

Other small shops, equally modest in appearance and position, contain also immense riches; these are the places where pearls are sold.

In a petty, mean booth, covered with matting, sits a man almost in rags. Before him, on an unsteady table, are a few sheets of yellow or blue paper; these sheets are covered with pearls of every size, from those called *seed* pearls to those forming a necklace of from eight to ten thousand rubles. The defective ones, irregular and of little value, are frequently bought by the rich Russian peasants and artisans, to decorate the heads of their wives. The pearls termed *choice* pass from owner to owner, and are thus scattered throughout Europe.

The Kachemyr, or Cashmere shawls, are brought to Makarief in large bales. The sale of these costly articles is accompanied by singular ceremonies. The sale is always carried on before witnesses, this being the prescribed custom in all matters of importance.

Having been invited to be one of these witnesses, I repaired to the fair with my colleagues of the moment, the buyer and his broker, who was an Armenian; for it is through the medium of men of that nation that the traffic in the precious commodities of Asia is carried on.

We entered an unfinished stone building, without a roof, and were introduced into a kind of cellar or vault. Though the abode of a Hindoo *millionaire*, the only furniture of the cellar was eighty-four chests, ranged one above the other along the walls. The most costly lots are sold without the purchaser being allowed to see more than the mark on the shawls. He is not suffered either to unfold or examine them, and yet he knows every shawl, even to the most minute particular, from a catalogue procured by the Armenian broker with great difficulty, which, according to a mark woven in the shawls themselves, describes, with the most scrupulous accuracy, the quality and defects, the beauty and the flaws, in each shawl; tells the name of the manufacturer, that of the master who has completed it, its dimensions, the kind and number of the flowers or palms, the color, etc. With this official document in the pocket of the merchant, nay, in his head, too, as I have sometimes seen to my surprise, a lot of the shawls is sold without being seen, so to speak. The brokers, who have paid dearly, both in trouble and purse, for the catalogue, ask, as may be supposed, a high price for it, charging for a single copy in proportion to the value of the lot, from two hundred to six hundred rubles.

The buyer enters with the witnesses and his brokers—for sometimes he has two—and they sit down. Not a word is uttered by the buyer; the whole treaty is carried on by the brokers, who are perpetually going from him to the seller, whispering to each alternately, and at every conference, taking them separately to the farthest corner of the room. Matters go on thus till there is sufficient reduction in the price first named, to give some hope of final agreement between the parties; though, as the demands of the seller are exorbitant, the difference between them is still very great. The shawls are now brought, and the two parties begin to communicate

directly. The seller extols his merchandise, and appraises it highly; the buyer casts on it a contemptuous glance, and deigns not to unfold it, while rapidly comparing the marks and numbers.

This part of the proceedings over, the scene becomes more animated. The buyer makes a direct offer; the seller gets up and walks away; the brokers follow him, remonstrating, and bring him back by force; they push and drive him back and forward, hustling him in every direction, and a clamor ensues, baffling all conception. The Hindoo merchant is perfectly passive in their hands, allowing himself to be pulled about, and even bruised and beaten.

When the tumult and conflict have lasted a certain time, and when they think the Hindoo is yielding to the force of persuasion, they proceed to the third stage of the business, which consists of striking hands, in token that the bargain is closed. The brokers have now a great part to play. They seize on the seller, and seek to force his hand into that of the buyer, who holds out his hand, repeating his offer with loud shouts. The Hindoo resists, struggles, escapes from their hold, wraps his hand in the wide sleeve of his robe, and repeats, with a whine, his first price.

Now an interlude comes on. They part, break off the contest, and pause; but only to get breath for a fresh onset. The tumult, the shouts, the struggles, begin again, till at length the two brokers again seize the hand of the seller, which, this time, notwithstanding his resistance and clamorous lamentations, they succeed in forcing him to put into that of the buyer.

Suddenly succeeds the most perfect quiet. The Hindoo appears ready to shed tears, muttering his regrets for having been too hasty in closing the bargain, while the brokers congratulate the buyer. They now sit down again, and proceed to the delivery of the goods.

It is needless to say that, in all that has been described, the parties were only playing a part; but that part must be enacted, as a matter of course; for the Hindoo must appear to have been forcibly assailed and defrauded. If it should appear that he has not been dragged about and bruised, that he has not received a certain number of blows in the ribs and on the head, that his right arm is not black and blue, from being squeezed in the endeavor to force his hand into that of the buyer, he spends the interval to the next fair in repenting of his bargain, and it henceforth becomes still more difficult to make him hear reason. Hence, the most esteemed broker among buyers is the one who possesses talent enough to maintain the conflict for three hours, to torture, shake, and pommel the Hindoo, till, quite out of breath, he at length yields his hand to the grasp of the buyers.

The price first named always undergoes an immense reduction. In the bargain to which I acted as witness, the Hindoo had asked two hundred and thirty thousand rubles; he not only agreed to take one hundred and eighty thousand rubles, but to pay the broker two per cent.

The bargain concluded, we all sat down—buyer, seller, brokers, interpreter, and witnesses—cross-legged, on a handsome carpet, with broad fringe, spread purposely on the floor. Sherbet was brought in pretty porcelain cups; instead of spoons we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, with a silver handle fastened on by a ruby, an emerald, a turquoise, or some other precious stone. It was not till after partaking of refreshments that we proceeded to the delivery of the goods. While the broker

and the interpreter were notifying aloud the bargain that had just been concluded, a Hindoo again brought the bales, opened them, and held up each shawl successively. The marks were verified a second time, and every thing being found to agree with the catalogue, new debates arose as to the term of payment. At length, as every thing under the sun must have an end, the discussion terminated, and all present fell on their knees, and betook themselves to prayer.

Great was the diversity of creed between the men thus met together in prayer. There were Hindoos, worshipers of Brama and of multiplied idols; Tartars, who believed their fate to depend on the will of Allah, and Mohammed, his prophet; two Parsees, fire-worshippers; a Kalmuck officer, who honored, in the Dalai-Lama, the living image of the Deity; a Moor, who revered I know not what unknown god; and, besides these, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself, all three Christians, but of different communions. While ardently desiring that unity of the Spirit, which is the true bond of peace, and uplifting a fervent prayer for the light of truth to be given to all, yet I could not help admiring this remarkable instance of toleration—all simultaneously offering up, each in his own language, and according to his own mode of worship, the tribute of adoration to the Deity.

Prayer over, the shawls were delivered to the buyer in all due form, and the bills of exchange, after undergoing the strict scrutiny of every one present, were handed to the seller, and then a huge silver vessel, something like our large coffee-pot, was brought in by a servant. It was nearly two feet high, richly chased, and inlaid with pearls and precious stones. A cup was placed before each of us, and filled from the large vessel with a beverage made of sugar and water, the juice of sweet oranges, various kinds of spices, and a little cane-juice. Salutations were exchanged and the cups emptied, and I do not think I ever tasted a more delicious drink.

And now the assembly broke up, and I returned to my lodging, indulging in speculations upon the impulse given to multitudes by this splendid product of the eastern loom; and as, in my mind's eye, I beheld the shepherd, in the mountains of Lahore, keeping watch over the Kinghesian goats, whose costly fleece furnishes so soft a down, and the slave learning the art of dying, spinning, weaving, and forming the most beautiful and the most varied patterns; and then the Hindoo merchant, selling at Makarief the shawls to other merchants, who, in their turn, bear them to every capital in Europe; as thus I beheld, in fancy, the countless numbers employed, the various toils endured, the industrial resources developed, I could not help regarding, with complacency, the extravagant luxury which makes this costly article almost a necessary to some of our fine ladies.

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN,  
BY REV. JOHN M'FARLANE, LL. D.

HOWEVER needful tribulation may be for militant saintship, for saintship triumphant it is useless. Tears and toils, in the lot of good men here, serve out their design when death separates soul and body; hence the emphasis of the account given of the celestial inhabitants, "These are they which have come out of great tribulation." Let it be noted, they have "come out of," and are never more to be in tribulation. What wise or merciful purpose could tribulation serve now? If it

kept them humble and patient; if it wrought out of them all earthly-mindedness, and constantly augmented their spirituality; if it refined them so purely that they became, at death, fully meet for the inheritance above; what good object could it promote in heaven? None whatever. To afflict them still, after all their chastisements on earth, would indicate either imperfection in the work of mediation, or wanton cruelty and injustice in the Almighty.

But the idea is profane, "**ALL TEARS ARE WIPEP AWAY.**" Did they weep on earth over their sins, especially over their ingratitude to that dear Lord who had bought them with his blood? Such tears can not flow now; for they are not only sinless, but they know that it is impossible for them ever again to sin. Did rivers of waters run down their cheeks when they saw the law of God dishonored by abounding iniquity? Such rivers can not flow now; for their eyes witness nothing in heaven but what is glorifying to God. Did the desolations of adversity send them to their solitudes, to weep over ruined fortunes and empty barn-yards? Such tears they can not shed in Eden; for no storm ever gathers in its clime, and no treasure once possessed there can be either pilfered or consumed. Did they sometimes weep when staggering under the dark menaces of future poverty to themselves and children, when realizing the terrors of calamities which might never come? Such tears they can not weep in a land where they have the Divine assurance that they shall never want, and that no evil of any kind, through all eternity, shall ever approach them. Did they weep over the cold and heartless repulses of men once considered their friends? In heaven they shall never form an acquaintance which shall not be ripened into friendship, and never possess a friend who shall not continue so forever.

Did they weep over their dead? Ay, and bitter, bitter tears these were; the most burning, perhaps, that ever welled up from the sacred and secret emotions of their natures. In Christ's Father's house, they shall never so weep again. Why? Because there the mother again clasps her beautiful babes to her bosom, all resplendent in the glory of that Savior who carried them in his arms thither. There, she who was the solitary widow, and who for long had to tread the melancholy path of immaculate sorrow for the husband of her heart, and who, perhaps, had to accept of life's coldest conditions to secure for herself and orphans a piece of bread—there, she finds the desire of her eyes; and, in garments of white, they together walk the streets of the heavenly city. There the orphan, the poor, shivering, timid orphan, who stood over a father's and a mother's grave, or ere he knew or could appreciate such a loss, and who struggled on unbefriended through the battles and the breezes of this selfish world, at length beholds and luxuriates in parental love. There the kind friends, the useful benefactors, the choice counselors, to whom we have been indebted, during our pilgrim passage, for many comforts and precious aids, and whose departure from us to the world of spirits has made earth more gloomy, and life less joyous, shall again be met, and again enjoyed. In a word, all the blessed dead who have died in the Lord, there meet again, and meet to part no more.

Did they weep over the hidings of their Father's face, and vex themselves sorely because they sometimes sought him and could not find him? Such tears they shall not shed again; for spiritual darkness can not exist

where God is seen face to face, and where the Sun of righteousness never goes down. Did they, in fine, sometimes weep for very joy, when sudden deliverances were vouchsafed from dreaded deaths and impending griefs, or when fountains of unexpected mercies were opened upon them? In heaven it shall never so be. They shall not weep there, even though the joy be unspeakable and full of glory. The falling of a single tear tells that there is a little infirmity about the region of the heart; some small fissure in the earthen vessel, by which the overburdened spirit seeks a momentary relief. In paradise, however, the soul is equal to all the joy with which it may be filled, and will enlarge its capacities for the inlets of an uninterrupted and ever-swelling stream of divine and eternal blessedness.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADES OF ITINERANCY.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

In his travels, John Wesley was exposed to all kinds of weather. He met the wintry winds, blowing over the bleak moor; he endured the hot sunshine, which, even in the misty skies of England, he sometimes found as oppressive as in Georgia; and he was often thoroughly wet with the drenching rains of that watery climate.

Sometimes, particularly in the early part of his career, he had hard fare. In Cornwall he was obliged, one day, to stop by the wayside, and pick blackberries for a supper, the people to whom he had preached either not understanding, or utterly neglecting, the rites of hospitality. He remarked on the occasion, with imperturbable philosophy, that Cornwall was the best country he ever saw to get an appetite, but the worst to provide means to satisfy it. Being detained several days at one place, on account of a rich preacher, he had to sleep on the floor by the side of John Nelson, with only a great-coat for a pillow. Waking up one morning, he playfully clapped Nelson on the shoulder, saying, "Let us be of good cheer, John; I have one whole side yet; the skin is worn off from only one side." Having preached in a village to the whole town, as he thought, he might have expected comfortable lodging for the night. But he found his bed considerably under ground, the room serving both for a bed-room and a cellar. The closeness was at first more troublesome than the cold. But he succeeded in letting in a little fresh air by breaking a pane of paper, put, instead of glass, in the window. He then slept sound till morning, fully believing that what Providence appoints is good.

Wesley's journeying in various parts of England and Ireland, carried him along many a beautiful scene. He very frequently mentions some beautiful green vale, with a clear, winding stream flowing over its bosom, and romantic mountains rising on each side. He describes the country near Bangor as delightful beyond expression. On one side, the scene, as he traveled along, was ever varying with mountains of every shape and size, vales clothed with grass or corn, and woods, and tufts of trees; and, on the other side, appeared the ocean, stretching away in a boundless prospect. Just before reaching the ancient town of Conway, he passed along where the road runs so near the edge of a precipitous mountain, rising to an enormous height from the sea, that, were not a wall built up for protection, no one would dare look down. Near Sheffield he passed along a vale, through which runs a little river. On one side rose a mountain nearly perpendicular, to a great height, part covered with green woods, and part with rough rocks. On the other

side rose a gently sloping hill, with tufts of trees scattered over it. On the brow of each mountain were fringes of trees, seeming to answer each other. His positions for field-preaching were often surpassingly beautiful. In Cornwall he used often to preach in a beautiful, natural amphitheater. He stood on a little elevation, with the people before him, and all around on the hill-sides, sitting quietly on the green grass. The last time he preached in that favorite place was a season of deep interest. He was then eighty-seven years old. There were present twenty-five thousand persons. It was a still, calm, summer evening. The sun setting in unusual brilliancy, and leaving a glorious twilight, seemed to betoken the approaching departure of the apostolic old man. The perfect silence which reigned among the vast multitude, broken only by the clear tones of his voice, distinctly heard by all, seemed emblematic of the silence of the judgment scene, when only shall be heard the voice of the Judge, "Come, ye blessed," or, "Depart, ye cursed!"

At St. Ives he stood near the sea-shore, on a jutting rock, with the whole town, high and low, rich and poor, before him. Here he stood, preaching to the listening multitudes, who intently gazed, without a word, or a smile, at the venerable man who spoke to them of Christ and of salvation. It was all the same to them whether the north wind blew, and the ocean dashed on the beach, or the clear sky, the setting sun, and the smooth sea, contributed beauty to the scene. Alike secured from the tempest, and shut out from the surrounding landscape, by the native wall of rock, they heard only Wesley's voice, and saw only Wesley's face. From Newcastle he rode to Blanchland, an old and ruinous town. The rough mountains were white with snow. In the midst of them is a small, winding valley, through which runs the Darwent. He came to a mass of ruins, which he supposed to be those of some old cathedral. He stood in the old church-yard, on a moss-grown tombstone, beneath the ivy-covered wall. When he prayed, all the congregation, gathered together from a great distance, from the lead mines, and from Allendale, kneeled around him on the grass. By the opposite wall sat a row of little children, quiet and still. All the people gave such devout attention to the word, that he could but hope the old ruins would yet echo with joy and salvation. Sometimes he chose for his pulpit some mountain-side, while the congregation sat, row above row, in the sylvan theater. Again he stood in an oval spot, scooped out of a hill, and surrounded by spreading trees. And again he stood under a tall, spreading tree, in the midst of a numerous congregation, who were still as night. The clear sky, the setting sun, the surrounding woods, and the attentive and affectionate people, seemed just suitable to the subject: "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

He used to visit, whenever circumstances permitted, the elegant grounds of noblemen along his route, for the purpose of gratifying his taste for landscape gardening. The beautiful arrangements of trees, plants, flowers, walks, lakes, fountains, grottoes, arbors, and rustic recesses, and bowers, afforded him delight unalloyed, unless he saw something out of taste. But if there appeared any incongruity or defective taste in the arrangements, it would greatly mar the beauty for him. In Ireland he rode by a large seat, elegantly built, and finely situated. But to his horror, the gates of the main avenue were painted blue, green, and yellow, like a child's rattle. The next time, however, he passed, he

observed signs of improvement. The green and yellow had disappeared, and the gates were deep blue. He went to visit a celebrated church, and was greatly shocked to find the pillars, which were of fine black marble, actually *whitewashed*. He visited, in Ireland, a house built by a celebrated scholar, according to his own fancy. The walls were part mud, part stone, part brick, part bones, and part wood. The house had two stories, and four windows, but no staircase and no door. Entrance was effected to each story from without, through one of the windows, by means of a ladder. The lower floor had three rooms, one of three sides, one of five, and another of an unknown number. Wesley concluded that the house proved that there was "no folly too great even for a man of sense, if he resolves to follow his own imagination." He sometimes was a little tried in his patience at the low standard of taste exhibited by the English people. He thought the nobility too much given to pretension and paint, and the common people, at least in some places, as destitute of taste for a beautiful landscape as the animals that graze in the meadows.

Beautiful as were some of the green spots where he used to preach, and serious as were the circumstances of the congregation, yet he sometimes found himself in odd places, and liable to amusing incidents. Once he preached in a large loft, over a huge hog-pen. There not only came up from below a most villainous smell, but the reprobate swine-herd, to annoy the congregation, took that very time to feed the hogs, and thereby stirred up a most discordant music. Wesley concluded the people must love the Gospel to come to such a place to hear it; and so he preached them one of his best sermons. In another place there was a hen-roost over the preaching-room; and, just as he began to preach, a cock commenced crowing most lustily, and kept it up so ambitiously, that he had to be dislodged. On another occasion big cat happened to be musing thoughtfully in the loft of an unfinished building, in which the people had assembled. Puss did not like the looks of so many strangers: so she concluded it best to remove her quarters. But there was no way to escape, but by coming down. In the midst of the preaching, she dropped from her mooring on a lady's head, and from thence leaped on to another head, and then over shoulders, necks, and backs, with many a scratch, till she had cleared the coast, and got out of doors. As he was preaching, one day, very earnestly, to a serious congregation, in one of the large and newly erected meeting-houses, an ass very deliberately walked through the gate, came gravely to the door, put his head in, and stood seriously listening to the discourse. Wesley thought the profound attention of the beast a reproof to careless hearers. He was glad, however, that only seriously disposed people were present.

He sometimes met with queer people as well as queer incidents. He spent an hour, he says, very agreeably with a man remarkable for liliputian inventions, spending all his time in making some minute and curious machine. Wesley had no doubt but the ingenious artist could surpass all competitors in inventing a mouse-trap.

While he was stopping at an inn, in one of the towns of Scotland, the maid came in, and addressed him as follows: "Sir, the *lord of the stable* waits to know if he shall feed your horses." "This," thought Wesley, "must surely be a great country for titles, where the hostler is called *lord of the stable*."

A gentlewoman requested him to be witness to her

will, in which she bequeathed part of her property to the poor, and part to her dog, Toby, "during his natural life." Wesley courteously obliged her, and gravely signed his name. At Liverpool, he talked with a man who, by the advice of his minister, deliberately beat his wife, with a huge stick, till she was black and blue from head to foot. The worthy husband stoutly contended that it was all right. The woman was surly and ill-natured, and he had flogged her under a sense of duty, and in good faith.

At Durham, a queer, clumsy, waggish fellow came into the congregation, and began, by jokes and ribaldry, to make sport. Wesley winked to a keen-eyed acquaintance to invent some means of getting rid of the fellow. So William went up close to the fellow, listened awhile, and then burst into a hearty laugh, saying, "Bravo! that is pretty; say it over again!" "What?" says the clown, "did you not hear it the first time?" "O, yes," says William, "but it is so funny, say it over again for the edification of the people. Come, we are all attention." Repeating this manevver two or three times, he made the wag feel so ashamed and foolish, that he sneaked off like a whipped cur.

At London, a woman came and told him God had sent her to say that he was laying up treasures on earth, taking his ease, and minding only eating and drinking. Wesley answered her, that God knew better than that and, if he had sent her to him, the message given her would have been more truthful and proper.

At another time, some persons, pretending to be prophets, called on him, saying they were divinely commissioned to inform him that he had not been born again; but the work would be soon done, and they would remain, unless he turned them outdoor, till it was accomplished. Wesley told them he would not turn them outdoor. So he showed them into the preaching-room, and told them they might remain there. It was a bitter cold day, and there was no fire in the room. The fanatics grinned, and bore the cold from morning till night; but, hearing no more of Wesley, they wisely took leave, and troubled him no more.

In Ireland, a worthy justice of the peace determined he should not preach in a certain town to which he had come. Being somewhat tardy, however, in getting his mob mustered, Wesley had finished his sermon before the honorable dignitary arrived. The esquire then came blustering up to Wesley, saying, "Sir, you shall not preach in this town." "Sir," said Wesley, "I do not intend to preach here again to-day. I have already preached, and am just leaving. On learning this, the fellow was mad enough to tear up and swallow the ground. He, however, was too much of a coward to attack Wesley. But, seeing Wesley's hat on the table, he took vengeance on that, cuffing and kicking it most violently.

At Manchester, a notorious drunkard was converted, and joined the Methodists. Some time after, a conspiracy was formed, among his old associates, to entrap and overthrow him. They succeeded. He was induced, at first, to take a little; then another glass; and then another still, till he lay down drunk. Then they set up a shout, "See, here is a Methodist drunk!" By some strange philosophy, this exclamation sobered the fellow. Immediately he arose up, walked directly to the fellow who had first invited him to drink, and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the whole company out of the house, took up the landlady who had sold the

drink, carried her out, and threw her into the hog-pen; then returned to the house, smashed the beer bottles, demolished the bar, kicked down the door, and walked off.

At Newark, he was preaching to a congregation of some three thousand, when a big, drunken man began to make disturbance. The fellow's wife was present. Without saying a word, she left her seat, walked directly up to him, took him by the collar, and cuffed him till she made him hellow like a big calf. Finally the poor fellow, after being unmercifully pommelled, got out of her hands, and crept away to a retired corner of the congregation, and sat down, quiet as a lamb.

Preaching, one evening, at Stockton, he observed great commotion among the people. Presently he saw the press-gang, who had chosen that time and place to exercise their outrageous power. They seized on a young man, and were bearing him off; but the women of the congregation, by main strength, rescued the young man, broke the head of the leader of the gang, and so pommelled and pelted the whole gang, that they ran away with all the speed they could make. After this brave exploit, the ladies quietly returned to their places in the congregation, and Wesley went on with his preaching.

Being acquainted with diseases and medicine, he often noticed remarkable cases of medical practice. He seemed to entertain no very high opinion of much of the medical treatment of the age. He found one man unmercifully dosed, by his physician, with calomel and jalap, and rhubarb, and ipecac, for "wind in the nerves."

#### YEARS ARE COMING.

WE confess to an ignorance of the authorship of the lines following. The sentiment contained in them is one such as the Christian reader can scarcely fail to cherish. Glorious indeed will be the day when peace *shall* come, and when nations shall learn war no more.

Years are coming—speed them onward!

When the sword shall gather rust,  
And the helmet, lance, and falchion,  
Sleep in silent dust.

Earth has heard too long of battle,  
Heard the trumpet's voice too long;  
But another age advances,  
Seers foretold in song.

In the past—the age of iron—  
Those who slaughtering met their kind,  
Have too often won the chaplet  
Honor's hand has twined.

But the heroes of the future  
Shall be men whose hearts are strong,  
Men whose words and acts shall only  
War against the wrong.

But the saber, in their contests,  
Shall no part, no honor own;  
War's dread art shall be forgotten,  
Carnage all unknown.

Years are coming, when forever  
War's dread banner shall be furled,  
And the angel, Peace, be welcomed  
Regent of the world!

Hail with song that glorious era,  
When the sword shall gather rust,  
And the helmet, lance, and falchion,  
Sleep in silent dust!

WANDERINGS OF A NATURALIST.  
BY MORITZ WAGNER.

No pleasanter recollection has remained to me, from my ten years of travel, than that of the wandering life, like that of a trapper in the wilds of Canada, which I led for three successive summers in the primeval forests of Georgia and Colchis, through the green groves of the Bythinian Olympus, in the Taurian Steppes, and the Alpine regions of the Caucasus. No where could this nomadic existence be more beautiful and full of enjoyment than in Trans-Caucasia. The crane does not sail more rejoicingly through the fields of air, the dolphin does not gambol more unrestrained and free within his watery domain, than we did on the verdant declivities of the Pambak Mountains, in the solitude of the immeasurable woods of Gambora, on the sunny pastures of Ossetia, where, wandering and bivouacking for days and weeks together, we scarcely saw a human face. At no time of my life did I possess fewer conveniences—at no time had so little intercourse with cultivated society; yet never did I feel myself freer, happier, more light-hearted, than during these strolling, gipsy days, in which, as hunters, geologists, botanists, entomologists, we made our pilgrimage through these unknown regions, stopping wherever the beauty of the country, or the rich booty it promised, tempted us to linger.

A faithful Hungarian, named Istwan, and a grumbling old Cossack, called Wassily, were my companions in these excursions; and subsequently I took a Pole, named John Saremba, and occasionally natives, into my service. The Cossack led the horse that I employed in carrying my burka, the blankets, the cooking utensils, and the necessary scientific apparatus. The young Magyar, who was an active mountaineer and a zealous collector, as well as a most thoroughly honest fellow, marched with me in front. We carried guns and pistols; but often, when no near danger was to be feared, we deposited these on the pack-horse, and contented ourselves with the two-edged kinshal, of excellent Lesghian steel, which, besides being an effective weapon against bears or robbers, was very useful in cutting our way through the net-like entanglements of the creeping-plants, and in splitting wood for our fire.

Those who have not had themselves any experience in the life of a wandering naturalist, can scarcely estimate its various and manifold joys and sorrows. They will be apt to think too much of its privations, trouble, and dangers, in comparison with its enjoyments. The German reader, sitting quietly at home, imagines the primeval forest of Trans-Caucasia thickly peopled with beasts of prey and lurking robbers; the charm of a night passed on a bed of fragrant herbs, beneath the shade of a mighty plantain or laurel, is broken in his mind by the thought of a viper coiled beneath the flowers, or of a scorpion, or tarantula with tail and sting erect, crawling over the body of the sleeper. And then the wolves and the bears, and the wild inhabitants of forest and mountain, who regard the traveler as a victim delivered into their hands by God; and should he escape these perils, the wilderness, the pathless wood, where no friendly signpost points the way by which the traveler may return to his caravan, or reach a hospitable hut! All these inconveniences really exist; but nearness and habit diminish their terrors, as they do those of most scarecrows of this world, of which, while they are yet distant, imagination magnifies the dimensions. As the veteran soldier does not suffer his tranquillity to

be disturbed by the whistling of a wandering bullet or two, when he is lying by his watchfire quietly consuming his rations, or enjoying his glass, but laughs at the leaden messenger of death, since he knows, by experience, that for one that reaches its mark, a hundred go astray, so the hunter and nomadic naturalist, in his wanderings through forest, and steppe, and mountains, must at once set down whatever peril may attend him among daily occurrences, and they will lose their strangeness, and leave only enough of what is terrible to make them serve as a spice to his ordinary employment, and as a protection against the *ennui* which, more or less, attends every laborious and monotonous occupation. The camping-places which I chose in the forests of Gambora—north-east from Tiflis—were usually in the neighborhood of one of those streams which flow down dark mountain ravines into the valleys, and by their gushing and murmuring, their rushing and roaring, continually make known their presence, even where the closeness of the vegetation conceals them from the eye of the thirsty wanderer. Such a mountain torrent was commonly the Ariadne thread by which, when the ardor of the chase or of our naturalist zeal had carried us far away, we contrived to find our way back to our resting-place.

We generally dispersed singly about the woods, in order to obtain a richer booty, and accident would lead the one or the other to a place where the lightness of the wood, the rich soil, the due proportion of heat and moisture, had drawn from the earth so magnificent a vegetation—where there was such glorious botanizing, such rare butterflies, Hymenoptera and Diptera hovering about the flowers; where the Orthoptera, in their most gaily decorated ball-dresses, were dancing the polka; where the insect-eating birds were flying about in search of their prey, and the falcons, with similar intent, keeping watch over them; and from beneath the rotting branches and trunks of fallen trees, the most exquisite Scarabei rewarded the zeal of the seeker. Did our enthusiasm carry us too far from the aforesaid Ariadne thread into solitary regions, where there was nothing to be seen but green above, green below, green around, in every direction; when the numerous turnings rendered necessary by the thickness of the underwood, had completely bewildered us, and there were no marks hewn by the kinshal on the boughs of trees, to serve us as guides? then, indeed, the compass had to serve, though even with its help, one might wander days and nights in this woodland labyrinth, vainly seeking an outlet. There was still, however, one resource, if all the above methods failed in determining the direction of the camp, you could fire your piece till the waves of sound reached it, and brought a thundering answer, which mostly enabled you to find the right course.

Losing oneself in the woods, however, has in it nothing so very terrible, except for the mere novice. Whoever is accustomed to these green alleys—for whom the moss has a hundred times served as a bed, and the gnarled branches of the oak have formed a canopy, to whom the possession of a good weapon and a sure hand, gives even in this wilderness the tranquilizing conviction that he can not starve, at least as long as his powder and lead hold out—to him the thought of remaining even for weeks, if necessary, separated from his companions in the woody labyrinth, will not be too much cast down. He who loves the woodland like the Indian or the cuckoo, will find even the thoughts of death far less terrible here than in the throng of society. Should

his thoughts ever rest on the event which no mortal can escape, few things are more adapted to reconcile us to this unwelcome necessity than the sight of a pleasant resting-place. The dark bosom of earth which forms the grave of the noble human organization, that can not subsist without air and light, is the birthplace of new life, the workshop for other organized existences; and from the buried germs shoot forth those mighty vegetable forms which spread out their arms, and with thousands of green eyes look upward to the sun. Where is this work going on more busily, more productively, more gloriously, than in the primeval forest—where trees, and shrubs, and moss, and parasitical plants, some flowerless, some radiant with their many-colored flowery crowns—a Flora of all forms and tints, still rises from the dark grave of the seed, and in the peaceful society of inanimate nature rejoices in the warmth and light? How often, as I lay on the grass, by the mossy trunk of an aged oak, and looked up through its knotted branches to its leafy summit, where the squirrel was displaying its coquettish graces, the woodpecker satisfying its appetite, the finch building its nest, or warbling its bridal song, did I wish that I, too, could thus sing and flutter away my life as innocently as they, the happy tenants of the forest, instead of gloomily brooding, as many of us often do, over the signification of cruel Death—all unconscious till he is close at hand, and has lost half his terrors! How easily the bird parts with its life! A minute before, perhaps it has its beak opened, and is telling its young ones a twittering story, as any old grandmother might, when suddenly its wings droop, it lies down with a slight tremulous motion on the moss, and closes its little eyes for its eternal repose, without a moment's struggle. Death overtakes the denizens of the woods with surprising rapidity. Old larks have been seen to collect their strength and their voice for a last heavenward flight, and then to fall dead from the air in the midst of their warblings; canaries and nightingales, in the same way, have expired in song; and to these happy flutterers is granted the wish denied us by Churches and sanitary police—the wish that the Swabian poet has vainly expressed—

"O, lay me not beneath the earth,  
In darkness and in gloom;  
But be the long and waving grass  
My fresh and fragrant tomb!"

Our three summers' wanderings gave us ample opportunities for the observation of all the spectacles of nature: the meteoric phenomena of the Alpine heights of Ossetia; the phantom armies of figures formed out of the mists and clouds; the terrible sublimity of a storm on Ararat; the glaciers of the Kaspak, with its stone avalanches; the variety of vegetation that changes its character in every region, or the habits of life of the animals that have their abode in the high mountains, from the bearded Gypaetus, sailing in majestic, tranquil flight over the snowy top of Ararat, gazing down upon it with piercing glance, as if he were seeking, beneath its icy covering, for the fragments of Noah's ark, to the little humming Hymenoptera or Diptera, whom a gust of wind, or some inexplicable impulse of insect curiosity, often carries up above the limit of the scantiest vegetation. Still more, however, did we delight in the woodland scenes exhibited by sun or moonlight, when we had deposited whatever we had collected in safety in our own camp, arranged and packed with due care any

thing rare and precious, eaten with good appetite our rice and venison, and then lay down on the herby carpet of the forest, to enjoy a *siesta*, or listen to the movements of animal life around us; taking care, however, to have our guns ready, that we might lose no opportunity of enriching our ambulatory larder.

RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

BY REV. CALVIN COTTON.

Is it not wonderful, does it not strike us with awe as well as with admiration, that God, in his providence, and by long ages of preparation, should have made such a provision for so stupendous a work, for the accomplishment of such stupendous results, temporal and spiritual, for this nation, as a political fabric, and for the cause of Christianity, without requiring of the people a single penny of contribution or tax, and that he should thus offer to bestow upon us and upon the world so great a benefit? Should not this provision be regarded as a special deposit, in the hands of this nation, consecrated to this high purpose, and to that alone? And would not any other appropriation thereof be sacrilege? There it is; God has placed it there without our care or cost. *But* for this great purpose, the public domain, in that direction, is of little value; *for* this great purpose, the world itself is scarcely rich enough to pay its price. If it should be devoted to this end, this nation will be the first and richest of nations; we shall be the envy of the world, and the heralds of the Gospel to the dark places of the earth; the traffic of all nations will cross our bosom; and the Christian hosts of Europe will ally themselves to the Christian hosts of America, to move forward on this line, for the subjugation of the world to the banner of the cross.

Think not, then, that this is a dream. It is not a dream. It is sober calculation. Take a terrestrial globe—for I do not know of any common map that will answer this purpose—take, then, the globe in your hands, and find thereon, our relative position to Europe and Asia, and to the great masses of mankind; see how near and how easy of access all the great industrial and producing nations will be to us, with a great highway across this continent, on the line proposed; and there you will find the *great future bond* of nations, commercial, social, political, and religious; there you will see that the intercourse of nations is inevitably destined to follow this route, if the road be made, and, consequently, on the same condition, that Christianity must go that way to every part of the Pagan world.

BY THE EDITOR.

BUT this, even this, is not all. The Valley of the Columbia is rapidly filling up with an enterprising people. It is capable of sustaining, by the rearing of flocks and the manufacture of woolen fabrics, a large population. Its geological character and climate are remarkably adapted to this business; and, as if Nature foresaw this when the world was created, its rivers, though generally navigable between the rapids, are even more remarkable for cataracts than our own. Let, then, the Oregon Valley be densely inhabited by a busy, manufacturing people. Let them grow vast quantities of wool and turn it into cloth. Let them import cotton from California—as they will do in time—and change it into prints. Let them cultivate their mulberry, and rival Nankin and Pekin in the manufacture of silk. Let them return to their extensive fisheries, the best and most productive in the world. Let them, in a word,

become numerous and wealthy by whatever means, and they must have access to us. They are our offspring. We are the mother-land. They must trade with us. And how is this to be done? There is but one answer—the trade must be carried on through the mountains. There is no other channel. The Columbia river extends, by two or three navigable sections cut by falls or cataracts, to the junction of its northern and southern forks; these forks, themselves navigable to a great distance, lead to three distinct and well-known passes through the mountains; and these passes are all susceptible of good roads, and have been often traveled. From the Falls of the Missouri, this side of the Mountains, to the point where the Kooskooskie becomes navigable on the western side, is a distance of only four hundred miles.

From the official reports of commissioned surveyors—from the journals of the old French trappers and traders, of Lewis and Clarke of our own country—from the recorded observations and experience of all the fur companies, European and American—from all accounts received from the missionaries of Oregon—and from the unanimous opinion of the thousands of our citizens who are pressing into that country, unanswerable demonstrations have come to us, that the period is not distant, when the head-waters of the Platte or the Missouri will be connected by railroad with the rivers which flow into the Pacific. The thing is perfectly practicable. The power, the wealth, the population of Oregon will soon demand it. The defense of our ocean-bound republic will demand it. The possession of four hundred thousand square miles of our territory will demand it. The commercial interests of some hundreds of millions of American citizens will soon demand it. And now, gentlemen, let all these vast considerations exert themselves upon us—let the time come, when such work is needed; and, though the earth must tremble to its very center, it will find men, money, and energy to complete it!

Nor can any patriotic heart fail to exult over the mighty prospect. When the Pacific and Atlantic are actually united; when our future maids and minstrels shall celebrate again the “meeting of the waters;” a greater achievement will have been made, than when the waves of Erie first mingled with the deep-rolling Hudson. The current of the world’s commerce will have been turned. The art of man will have accomplished its proudest triumph. The pyramids, and obelisks, and sphinxes, and temples, and towers, and turrets of antiquity, will have been swept into almost annihilation. So far at least as all comparison is concerned, they might as well have been buried under the lava of a volcano as deep as Herculaneum and Pompeii! Only consider it a moment. Ships from the Indian Ocean, from Canton and Calcutta, can trade all along the coasts of Africa and Asia; collect the teas, the gums, the spices, the sweet aromatics of those countries; visit in their eastward voyage all the famous islands of those waters; and then, entering the Pacific, and coasting lengthwise down the western shores of North America, so rich in skins and furs of the highest value, can deposit their cargoes at the mouth of the Columbia, and save more than ten thousand miles of most dangerous and doubtful navigation. Here, the rich freight is taken by steamboat and railroad alternately to the Rocky Mountains; and from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis. Thence it diverges to different quarters. Some of it goes by steamboat to New Orleans. Another portion ascends

the river to the Falls of St. Anthony. A part pursues the line of rivers eastward; lands at Pittsburg or Wheeling; crosses the Alleghanies by steam; and then thunders for a thousand miles along an iron road to the Atlantic cities. Another part will follow throughout the northern course; supply the upper country; take steamboat on the Superior or the Michigan, and passing rapidly down the lakes, canals, and railroads of the west and east, will find a greedy market in the Yankee land. Even Yankee speculation shall be sated, when all creation pours its treasures on New England’s shores!

THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE.

BY HUGH MILLER.

SEVERAL thousand years ago, ere the upheaval of the last of our raised beaches, there existed somewhere on the British coast a submarine bed, rich in sea-weed and the less destructible zoophytes, and inhabited by the commoner crustaceans and molluscs. Shoals of herrings frequented it every autumn, haunted by their usual enemies, the dog-fish, the cod, and the porpoise; and, during the other seasons of the year, it was swum over by the ling, the hake, and the turbot. A considerable stream, that traversed a wide extent of marshy country, waving with flags and reeds, and in which the frog and the newt bred by millions, entered the sea a few hundred yards away, and bore down, when in flood, its modicum of reptilian remains, some of which, sinking over the submarine bed, found a lodgment at the bottom. Portions of reeds and flags were also occasionally entombed, with now and then boughs of the pine and juniper, swept from the higher grounds. Through frequent depositions of earthy matter brought down by the streamlet, and of sand thrown up by the sea, a gradual elevation of the bottom went on, till at length the deep-sea bed came to exist as a shallow bank, over which birds of the wader family stalked mid-leg deep when plying for food; and on one occasion a small porpoise, losing his way, and getting entangled amid its shoals, perished on it, and left his carcass to be covered up by its mud and silt. That elevation of the land, or recession of the sea, to which the country owes its last acquired marginal strip of soil, took place, and the shallow bank became a flat meadow, raised some six or eight feet above the sea-level. Herbs, shrubs, and trees, in course of time, covered it over; and, then, as century succeeded century, it gathered atop a thick stratum of peaty mold, imbedding portions of birch and hazel-bushes, and a few doddered oaks. When in this state, at a comparatively recent period, an Italian boy, accompanied by his monkey, was passing over it, when the poor monkey, hard-wrought and ill-fed, and withal but indifferently suited originally for braving the rigors of a keen northern climate, lay down and died, and his sorrowing master covered up the remains. Not many years after, the mutilated corpse of a poor shipwrecked sailor was thrown up, during a night-storm, on the neighboring beach: it was a mere fragment of the human frame—a moldering, unsightly mass, decomposing in the sun; and a humane herd-boy, scooping out a shallow grave for it, immediately over that of the monkey, buried it up. Last of all, a farmer, bent on agricultural improvement, furrowed the flat meadow to the depth of some six or eight feet, by a broad ditch, that laid open its organic contents from top to bottom. And then philosopher of the school of Maillet and Lamarck, chancing to come that way, stepped aside

to examine the phenomena, and square them with his theory.

First, along the bottom of the deep ditch he detects marine organisms of a low order, and generally of a small size. There are dark, indistinct markings traversing the gray silt, which he correctly enough regards as the remains of fucoids; and blent with these, he finds the stony cells of *flustra*, the calcareous spindles of the sea pen, the spines of *echinus*, and the thin granular plates of the *crustacea*. Layers of mussel and pecten shells come next, mixed up with the shells of *buccinum*, *natica*, and *trochus*. Over the shells there occur defensive spines of the dog-fish, blent with the button-like, thorn-set boucles of the ray. And the minute skeletons of herrings, with the vertebral and cerebral bones of cod, rest over these in turn. He finds, also, well-preserved bits of reed, and a fragment of pine. Higher up, the well-marked bones of the frog occur, and the minute skeleton of a newt; higher still, the bones of birds of the diver family; higher still, the skeleton of a porpoise; and still higher, he discovers that of a monkey, resting amid the decayed boles and branches of dicotyledonous plants and trees. He pursues his search, vastly delighted to find his doctrine of progressive development so beautifully illustrated; and last of all he detects, only a few inches from the surface, the broken remains of the poor sailor. And having thus collected his facts, he sets himself to collate them with his hypothesis. To hold that the zoophytes had been created zoophytes, the molluscs molluscs, the fishes fishes, the reptiles reptiles, or the man a man, would be, according to our philosopher, alike derogatory to the divine Wisdom and to the acumen and vigor of the human intellect: it would be "*distressing to him to be compelled to picture the power of God, as put forth in any other manner than in those slow, mysterious, universal laws, which have so plainly an eternity to work in;*" nor, with so large an amount of evidence before him as that which the ditch furnishes—evidence conclusive to the effect that creation is but development—does he find it necessary either to cramp his faculties or outrage his taste, by a weak yielding to the requirements of any such belief.

Meanwhile the farmer—a plain, observant, elderly man—comes up, and he and the philosopher enter into conversation. "I have been reading the history of creation in the side of your deep ditch," says the philosopher, "and find the record really very complete. Look there," he adds, pointing to the unfossiliferous strip that runs along the bottom of the bank; "there life, both vegetable and animal, first began. It began, struck by electricity out of albumen, as a congeries of minute globe-shaped atoms—each a hollow sphere within a sphere, as in the well-known Chinese puzzle; and from these living atoms were all the higher forms progressively developed. The ditch, of course, exhibits none of the atoms with which being first commenced; for the atoms don't keep; we merely see their place indicated by that unfossiliferous band at the bottom; but we may detect immediately over it almost the first organisms into which—parting thus early into the two great branches of organic being—they were developed. There are the fucoids, first-born among vegetables; and there the zoophytes, well-nigh the lowest of the animal forms. The fucoids are marine plants; for, according to Oken, 'all life is from the sea—none from the continent;' but there, a few feet higher, we may see the remains of reeds and flags—semi-aqueous, semi-aerial plants, of the

comparatively low monocotyledonous order into which the fucoids were developed; higher still we detect fragments of pines, and, I think, juniper—trees and shrubs of the land of an intermediate order, into which the reeds and flags were developed in turn; and in that peaty layer immediately beneath the vegetable mold, there occur boughs and trunks of blackened oak—a noble tree of the dicotyledonous division—the highest to which vegetation in its upward course has yet attained. Nor is the progress of the other great branch of organized being—that of the animal kingdom—less distinctly traceable. The zoophytes became crustacea and molluscs—the crustacea and molluscs, dog-fishes and herrings—the dog-fish, a low placoid, shot up chiefly into turbot, cod, and ling; but the smaller osseous fish was gradually converted into a batrachian reptile; in short, the herring became a frog—an animal that still testifies to its ichthyo logical origin, by commencing life as a fish. Gradually, in the course of years, the reptile, expanding in size and improving in faculty, passed into a warm-blooded porpoise; the porpoise, at length, tiring of the water as he began to know better, quitted it altogether, and became a monkey, and the monkey by slow degrees improved into a man—yes, into man, my friend, who has still a tendency, especially when just shooting up to his full stature, and studying the 'Vestiges,' to resume the monkey. Such, sir, is the true history of creation, as clearly recorded in the section of earth, moss, and silt, which you have so opportunely laid bare. Where that ditch now opens, the generations of the man atop lived, died, and were developed. There flourished and decayed his great-great-great-grandfather the sea-pen, his great-great-great-grandfather the mussel, his great-great-grandfather the herring, his great-grandfather the frog, his grandfather the porpoise, and his father the monkey. And there also lived, died, and were developed, the generations of the oak, from the kelp-weed and tangle to the reed and the flag, and from the reed and the flag, to the pine, the juniper, the hazel, and the birch."

"Master," replies the farmer, "I see you are a scholar, and, I suspect, a wag. It would take a great deal of believing to believe all that. In the days of my poor old neighbor the infidel weaver, who died of *delirium tremens* thirty years ago, I used to read Tom Paine; and, as I was a little wild at the time, I was, I am afraid, a bit of a skeptic. It wasn't easy work always to be as unbelieving as Tom, especially when the conscience within got queasy; but it would be a vast deal easier, master, to *doubt* with Tom than to *believe* with you. I am a plain man, but not quite a fool; and as I have now been looking about me in this neighborhood for the last forty years, I have come to know that it gives no assurance that any one thing grew out of any other thing because it chances to be found atop of it, master. See, yonder is Dobbin lying lazily atop of his bundle of hay; and yonder little Jack, with bridle in hand, and he in a few minutes will be atop of Dobbin. And all I see in that ditch, master, from top to bottom, is neither more nor less than a certain top-upon-bottom order of things. I see sets of bones and dead plants lying on the top of other sets of bones and dead plants—things lying atop of things, as I say, like Dobbin on the hay and Jack upon Dobbin. I doubt not the sea was once here, master, just as it was once where you see the low-lying field yonder, which I won from it ten years ago. I have carted tangle and kelp-weed where I now cut

clover and rye-grass, and have gathered periwinkles where I now see snails. But it is *clean against experience*, as my poor old neighbor, the weaver, used to say—against *my* experience, master—that it was the kelp-weed that became the rye-grass, or that the periwinkles freshened into snails. The kelp-weed and periwinkles belong to those plants and animals of the sea that we find growing in only the sea; the rye-grass and snails, to those plants and animals of the land that we find growing on only the land. It is contrary to all experience, and all testimony, too, that the one passed into the other, and so I can not believe it; but I do and must believe, instead—for it is not contrary to experience, and much according to testimony—that the Author of all created both land productions and sea productions at the 'times before appointed,' and 'determined the bounds of their habitation.' 'By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; and I find I can be a believer on God's terms at a much less expense of credulity than an infidel on yours.'

## PAUL ON MARS HILL.

To see Paul, as an orator, in a mood at once lofty and serene, let us stand beside him on Mars Hill, and contemplate the scene, the spectators, the speaker, and the speech. Magnificent and fairy-seeming, as a dream, is that unequalled landscape. In the distance are the old snow-crowned mountains, where gods were said to dwell, and whose hoary heads seemed to smile down contempt upon the new system and its solitary defender. Closer at hand stretches away a breathless ocean, doubling, by its glassy reflection, the look of eternity and of scorn which the mountains cast. Below sleeps the "Eye of Greece," so broad and bright, with all its towers and temples, and with the hum of its evening talk and evening worship, rising up the still air. Slowly sinking toward the west, Apollo is taking leave of his beloved city; while, perhaps, one ray from his setting orb strikes upon the bare brow of the daring Jew who is about to assail his empire. The scene, altogether, how solemn! It is as if nature were interested, if not alarmed, and had become silent, to listen to some mysterious tidings. The spectators, who shall describe, after Raphael has painted them? Suffice it, that the *elite* of the vainest and the wisest people of the world, the most subtle of sophists, and the most eloquent of declaimers, are there; that Paul must bear the snowy sneer of the Epicurean, the statuesque derision of the Stoic, the rapt, misty eye of the Academic, the blind and furious scowl of the superstitious rabble, the sharper and deeper malice lurking in the eye of the Jew, the anxious look of his own few but faithful friends, and the keen, anatomic glance of the mere critic, collected as if into one massive, motley, shifting, yet still and sculptured face, which seems absolutely to circle him in, as it glares upon him. And before and within all this, there he stands, the tentmaker of Tarsus. Is he not ashamed or afraid to address the overwhelming audience? Shrinks he not from the task? Falters not his tongue? Gathers not his cheek crimson? Ashamed! Shall the archangel be ashamed, when he comes forward, amid a silent universe, to blow the blast that shall call the dead to judgment, dissolve the elements of nature, and awaken the fires of his doom? No more does Paul's voice falter, or do his limbs shake. He rises to the majesty of the scene. He fills, easily and amply, the great sphere which he finds around him. He feels the dignity of his position. He knows he has

a message from the God who made that ocean, these mountains, and these heavens. The men of Athens are clamoring for some "new thing;" he has the latest news from the throne of God. They are worshiping the "unknown God;" it is his task to unveil his image, and show him shining in the face of Christ Jesus. Not—as Raphael represents him, in an attitude too impassioned for the speech, *beneath* its calm greatness—not with raised and outspread arms, but with still, strong, demonstrative finger uplifted, and eye meeting, Thermopylae-like, all those multitudinous visages, with their crowd of varied expression, does he stand, and pour out that oration, surpassing the orations whereby Pericles and Demosthenes "shook the Arsenal"—sweet as the eloquence of Plato, and awful as the thunder of Jove—condensing, in its nine immortal sentences, all the primal truths of nature and of Christianity: God, the One, the Unsearchable, the Creator, the Spirit, the universal Ruler, Benefactor and Provider, the only Object of worship, the Father of man and his Former of one blood, the Merciful, the All-Present, the Hearer of prayer, the Ordainer and Raiser from the dead of Jesus, and the Judge of all the earth upon the great day; and at the close of which, first a silence, deeper than that which made them "all ear," and then a murmur, loud, conflicting, and innumerable as that of ocean's waves, attest its power; while, lo! as some are mocking, and others saying, "We will hear thee again of this matter," the speaker seems to sink down and melt away. The cloud has scattered its thunder-rain, and has to them disappeared forever.

## INK-DROPS OF WISDOM.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THINK before you speak, think before whom you speak, think why you speak, think what you speak.

There are many that despise half the world; but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

When the curious or impertinent would pick the lock of the heart, put the key of reserve in the inside.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers.

Society is like air: very high up, it is too sublimated; too low down, it is a perfect choke-damp.

Want of employment is the most irksome of all wants. Most men know what they hate; few, what they love.

Content hangs not so high, but that a man on the ground may reach it.

There are many who had rather meet their bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet.

Those who pursue the stream of truth to its sources have much climbing to do, much fatigue to encounter; but they see great sights.

There is none can baffle men of sense but fools, on whom they can make no impression.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

One perverse disposition destroys the peace of a family, as one jarring instrument spoils a whole concert.

Gold is an idol, worshiped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

Provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence.

## NEW BOOKS.

**THE FOOT-PRINTS OF THE CREATOR: OR, THE ASTEROLIPS OF STROMNESS.** *By Hugh Miller.* *From the Third London Edition. With a Sketch of the Author's Life and an Estimate of his Writings.* *By Sir David Brewster, LL. D., F. R. S., etc.* *Cincinnati: W. H. Moore & Co.* 1851.—We take great pleasure in announcing the republication of this great work. In physical science, it ranks with the first productions of the age. The argument in favor of Christianity, drawn from a single scientific fact, is worthy of the generalizing power of Newton. It completely demolishes the skeptical theory of *development*, as advocated by Lamarck and his infidel associates, and so recently defended by the anonymous author of the *Vestiges of Creation*. Every reader, who makes it a point to keep up with the progress of the physical sciences, and the relation of that progress to revelation, will welcome this volume to his table. We are glad to see, also, as an evidence of the growing literary and scientific spirit of the western states, that the best edition of this already famous book is, in every way—paper, types, composition, every thing—a production of the Queen City of the West. It is certainly an honor to the house from which it comes.

**THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE.** *By George Gilfillan.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1851.—This is a splendid, rather than a profound, or a scientific, work. It is evidently the production of a poet. There is poetry of some form in every line of it. We think, however, that the idea of the volume is pushed too far. From the first to the eleventh chapter inclusive, it is worthy of all admiration as a work of sense, of critical sobriety, and of art; but from the twelfth to the seventeenth chapter, the author is lost in a strange attempt to make poets of such men as Paul, Peter, and the evangelists. Such an effort is merely *sophomorish*, which is about a synonym of *foolish*. The two chapters at the close, on the future destiny of the Bible and on the poetical characters in the Bible, are again sensible and brilliant. The whole book is worthy of much more than ordinary favor. Its author, though a young man, enjoys a European reputation. We are sorry to see the Harpers and the Appletons, contrary to the established custom of honorable publishers, running each other by the republication of rival editions, at less than half price. We know not where the blame lies; but there is blame somewhere.

**THE ISLAND-WORLD OF THE PACIFIC.** *By Henry T. Cheever.* *With Engravings.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1851.—We have a slight personal acquaintance with the author of this volume. We had the pleasure of seeing him graduate from the theological seminary, on which occasion he was the leading and the lauded writer. He is a Presbyterian or Congregational minister of high position. His visit to the Pacific, we presume, was one of health and observation. He has written out a fine account of it. He gives, perhaps, rather a colored picture of the missionary stations in that quarter, which, to say the least of them, are among the most successful of the present century. His volume is full, also, of splendid descriptions of scenes and incidents; and it adds not a little to our comprehension of the Island Continent.

**EVANGELISM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; OR, AN EXHIBIT, DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL, OF THE PRESENT CONDITION OF EVANGELICAL RELIGION.** *By Charles Adams.* *Boston: Chas. H. Peirce.* 1851.—This is a work of no small merit. Having a Jewish friend, who, for a year or two, has frequently visited us to talk on religious subjects, and who professed to have recently become a Christian, on the announcement of this book we promised him a reliable guide through the mazes of polemical and statistical theology. On its arrival we lent it to him; and he professes to have derived great benefit from its perusal. The volume will be of general value to all persons not well informed on such topics; and we heartily commend it to our readers. It abounds in statistical information; and is every-where characterized by the candid, evangelical spirit of its author.

**THE USEFUL DISCIPLE; OR, A NARRATIVE OF MRS. MARY GARDNER.** *By Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.* *Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power.* 1851.—This is one of Mrs. Palmer's best and

most captivating books. We bespeak for it an early and general attention.

**SCRAPS AND POEMS.** *By Mrs. R. A. Seales.* *Swormstedt & Power.* 1851.—This is a small but beautiful little volume, designed as a choice keepsake, or gift-book, between Christian friends. It contains eighty-two pages of prose and poetry, the character of which need not be eulogized in our work, as the author is well known as a contributor to its columns. Its cost is light; and it makes a delightful present for a young friend. We hope it will be well received.

**SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF REV. JAMES QUINN, WHO WAS NEARLY HALF A CENTURY A MINISTER OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.** *By John F. Wright.* *Swormstedt & Power: Cincinnati.*—The subject of this memoir was familiarly known in the western states as one of the pioneers of Methodism. His history is, to a great extent, a history of the Church, in a large part of the Mississippi Valley, at a most interesting period. The author has performed a valuable service by the composition of this work. Let it be remembered, that the profits of the publication are generously given by the writer to the widow of the honored and lamented dead. We do hope that our readers and friends will give it a circulation worthy of its merits. Could this be so, we should have no fear of its success.

**MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING: A SERMON DELIVERED JANUARY 5, 1851, BY REV. C. B. DAVIDSON, AT MADISON, INDIANA.**—This is an excellent and well-timed discourse. We hear that it was warmly approved on its delivery; and it is worthy of its repute.

**EDUCATION AND THE CHURCH: AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE TRUSTEES AND FACULTY OF FALLEY SEMINARY, OF THE BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE, AT THE OPENING OF THEIR NEW EDIFICE, BY REV. D. V. CLARK, D. D.**—Our old and esteemed friend, E. E. Bragdon, the popular Principal of Fally Seminary, has laid us under obligations by sending us this address of another old and esteemed friend, whose productions we always read with pleasure. In this performance, the relation of education to the Church is treated ably.

**AN ADDRESS, ON THE IMPORTANCE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, DELIVERED AT THE NINTH-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL, BY REV. GEO. C. CRUM.**—This address was well received at its delivery. It is written with great carefulness; and there are passages in it of great beauty. The whole of it constitutes a fine appeal on an important subject.

**ADDRESS, DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE CINCINNATI HOUSE OF REFUGE,** *By Alphonso Taft, Esq.*—Mr. Taft is one of the best writers and speakers of the west; and, on the occasion now under consideration, he had a subject peculiarly suitable to his talents. The address is, in all respects, worthy of his reputation.

**A LECTURE ON THE RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC,** *DELIVERED AUGUST 12, 1850, AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, AT THE REQUEST OF NUMEROUS MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS, BY REV. CALVIN COLTON.*—We have always been a believer in the project of a railroad to the Pacific; and, some time before we heard of Mr. Whitney, we wrote and delivered, and afterward re-delivered and published, an address on the subject. It is a little singular, too, that the route now advocated, after touching at St. Louis, is almost exactly the one we indicated. We recollect, also, that, both times when we delivered our address, we were repaid by the good-natured laughter of our audience. One newspaper, in making a notice of it, advocated the measure with a great deal of gravity; and concluded its remarks by proposing, as the next undertaking, a railroad to the moon! Things are now different. We were then quite a youth. Now, not only Mr. Whitney and Mr. Colton, but Mr. Benton, and many others among the ablest statesmen of the age, are warmly advocating the construction of the road. In another column we give short extracts from Mr. Colton's and our own address, by which the reader will see how nearly the young man of twenty-six and the old man of fifty match. The passages containing our description of the entire railroad route are too lengthy for quotation.

## PERIODICALS.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January contains the following list of articles:

1. *Spanish Literature*—an elaborate and highly complimentary notice of Ticknor's recent great work on Spanish Literature, now republishing from the Boston edition in London. The extracts are copious.

2. *Makamat*—brief, but readable. *Makamat* is the title of an Arabic work, containing rhetorical anecdotes of Al Hariri, of Basara, translated into English by Theodore Preston, M. A. Several fine extracts are given.

3. *The Angel World, and other Poems*—a brilliant review of Philip James Bailey's last work. His *Festus* long since gave him introduction to the public, and the *Angel World* now adds to the fame and splendor of his career.

4. *Mackay's Progress of the Intellect*—exemplified in regard to the religious development of the Greeks and Romans. We confess to too great an ignorance of Mr. Mackay's peculiar speculations to recommend them to the public. The reviewer speaks favorably of his philosophy; but this is poor comfort, indeed; for in matters of religion the editor and the contributors to the Westminster are scarcely more to be trusted than are the Rationalists of Germany. A friend at our elbow, who has read Mr. Mackay considerably, says his work is good and orthodox.

5. *Water Supply*—a valuable article, but more particularly interesting to the English reader.

6. *Educational Movements*—examines the questions, Shall we educate the whole people? and what prevents our doing it? The social bearings and importance of education are also fully discussed.

7. *Continental Prospects*—contains observations on royalty and republicanism in Italy, and some fine remarks concerning Kosuth and the late Hungarian war. A large amount of valuable information is communicated.

8. *The Battle of the Churches*—quite lengthy, and, deducting a variety of spleenetic paragraphs, it contains other paragraphs of just and well-deserved censure for conservative, half-hearted, world-loving, and world-counting Christians.

*Miscellaneous Notices and Extracts from Foreign Literature*, both of which departments we admire in this Review, complete the contents of the number.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for January brings a list of nine articles:

1. *The Currency Extension Act of Nature*—a somewhat political paper, but one, nevertheless, of almost universal interest. It speaks considerably of the beneficial effect of California gold on the extension of credit and "the increase of accommodation at home."

2. *My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life*—a continuation of Bulwer's efforts, and characterized by more than his usual purity and skill.

3. *Biography*—almost strictly an essay, and though of considerable length, yet interesting.

4. *The Lay of the Nibelungen*—a review of a German work recently translated by W. N. Lettsom, London. Numerous fine extracts sparkle throughout the course of the article.

5. *Additional Chapter from the History of John Bull*—an attempt at the facetious, with a strong tincture of politics characterizing the whole. The article is of unusual length.

6. *Hungarian Military Sketches*—full of incident, and well written.

7. *The Message of Seth*—poetical, from the pen of that anonymous but most elegant and original poet, Delta, so well loved and cherished by every reader of Blackwood.

8. *The Voice of Nature*—poetical, also, from the pen of Charles Wilton, a gentleman from whose pen we have never yet seen an indifferent article. Our readers will remember a fine article in our last number from his pen, entitled *Long Ago*.

9. *British Labor and Foreign Reciprocity*—statistical to some extent, but none the less valuable on that account.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA AND AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY for January ought to have been noticed in our last. Its articles are as follows:

1. *Collegiate Education*, by Professor Edwards, of Andover. The article takes a wide range, and is very valuable, though we do not exactly indorse all the views of the writer.

2. *Review of Dr. Wood's Works*—brief. It is from the pen of Dr. Humphrey.

3. *Parallel between the Philosophical Relations of Ancient and Modern Christianity*—an interesting and instructive article. We have read it with satisfaction.

4. *Explanations of Some Passages in Genesis*—quite scholastic. It is by Professor Robbins, of Middlebury College, Vermont.

5. *Affinity between Romanism and Rationalism*—a translation from the German of Dr. Ernst Sartorius. It is a good article.

6. *Review of Recent French Works on Metaphysical Science*—very brief, but possessed of considerable interest.

7. *Commentary on the Second and Third Chapters of Matthew*—from the German of H. A. W. Meyer.

8. *Speculative Philosophy*—introductory to a series on this subject, from the pen of Rev. Robert Turnbull, a popular and well-known author.

9. *Remarks on the Biblical Repository and Princeton Review*—rather of a rhetorical cast.

10. *Hickok's Rational Psychology*—a review from the pen of Professor Taylor Lewis on the science of the soul.

*Notices of New Books and Select Theological and Literary Intelligence* fills the remaining pages of the review. The Bibliotheca and the Repository, being now united, will, we trust, at once enter upon a career of success and prosperity such as has characterized neither in former years.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for February possesses a varied and attractive table of contents. Our limits forbid an individual notice of the articles.

METHODIST MONTHLY, devoted to religion, education, and literature, has an able corps of editors—Messrs. Halston, Anderson, and Brush—and is well filled with original and selected articles.

PRESBYTERIAN CASKET OF SACRED AND POLITE LITERATURE, is the name of a new monthly established in St. Louis. It is edited and published by Rev. S. A. Hodgman, and, both in its selected and original articles, manifests good taste.

THE WESTERN LANCET AND HOSPITAL REPORTER, edited by Dr. L. M. Lawson, contains, in its February issue, several valuable articles. One of a popular cast, we should judge, is on the geological theory of cholera, by Mr. John Lea, of Cincinnati.

THE SCHOOL FRIEND, published simultaneously in Columbus and Cincinnati, is a most able and excellent educational journal. Its original articles are of a high order, and its selections marked generally by good taste and discrimination. We are indebted to the courtesy of Professor Ray for a regular copy of the Friend. We recommend the work cordially to all our friends who may be engaged in teaching. Price fifty cents per annum.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF CINCINNATI, contains a large amount of valuable information. Not the least interesting part of the document is the Report of Nathan Guilford, Esq., the Superintendent of the City schools. In reference, however, to the plan of publishing a schedule of the characters of all the teachers, with adulatory and accusatory remarks, as adopted by the Superintendent, we entertain most serious doubts. But little, if any, practical good can result from it. Public reproof tends to irritation, not to any radical reform. Mr. Guilford recommends strongly the abolition of the rod in all our schools. His recommendation, however, in our modest opinion, will not secure exactly its disuse. Human nature is not quite pure enough, especially the human nature of boys, to be governed solely by soft words and moral suasion; at least not just now. As to the rod being "a relic of barbarism," and "the teacher being mistaken in his profession who can not govern without the rod," "and should at once resign, and give place" to somebody else, with other similar expressions, we consider them mere rhetorical flourishes, and altogether innocent in their influence.

## NEWSPAPERS.

MORE than 111,000 human beings are said to have been slaughtered in the wars of Europe during 1849. The cost of these wars is estimated at about \$344,416,000.

The *written* or *printed* language of China is the same in all the seventeen great provinces; but the sounds attached to the words or signs in the *spoken* language differ widely. Just as the Arabic figures 1, 2, 3, 4, convey the same ideas to the several nations of Europe, though called by different names; and all these nations may sing together a piece of written music, though they can not converse intelligibly.

It is estimated that there are now 80,000 nominal Christians among the native population of India, of whom about 11,000 are communicants. Though this number is small compared with the vast population of that country, it yet shows conclusively that missionary labor there has not been in vain. Besides these tangible results, a great change is taking place in the feelings of the whole body of the people.

The Israelites journeyed forty years in the wilderness; and it is only in patient continuance in well-doing that we can obtain success.

About two years ago the first building was erected in Salt Lake City, and already the population numbers over 25,000. The houses are yet all one-story adobes, but preparations are being made for the early erection of a temple and other public buildings, in a nobler and more durable style.

Mr. Sullivan Bates, of Bellingham, Mass., who is largely engaged in the cultivation of the cranberry, gets, it is said, one hundred and fifty to four hundred bushels per acre from upland; and the berries raised by cultivation are two or three times as large as the wild fruit. Nearly any kind of soil will answer.

The best cure for timidity is knowledge. Ignorant men are always superstitious and cowardly. To cure children of being "afraid in the dark," don't put hickory on their backs, but place books in their hands. Beck's Chemistry will infuse more real, genuine courage into a boy's mind than all the rattans in the world.

Forty-two years ago the coffee-trade of Brazil did not exceed 30,000 bags; and even in 1820 it only reached 100,000 bags. About that time the high price of coffee in England, superadded to the diminished production in Cuba, stimulated the Brazilian planters to extend its cultivation; and in 1830 they sent to market 400,000 bags, or 64,000,000 pounds, and in 1846 the enormous quantity of nearly 200,000,000 pounds.

A cotemporary says, "The superfluities of professed Christians would send the Bible and the preached Gospel to every part of the world."

It is a part of a woman, like her own beautiful planet, to cheer the dawn and darkness—to be both the morning and evening star of a man's life. The light of her eye is the first to rise and the last to set upon manhood's day of trial and suffering.

The process of making the finest kind of wrought iron with anthracite coal, invented by Mr. Jas. Renton, of Newark, has been fairly proved, and is entirely successful. This is one of the greatest improvements that has been introduced in the manufacture of iron in a quarter of a century. Heretofore, all the fine iron and steel has been made with charcoal, which caused it to be so expensive.

There are in the United States at the present time 27 Roman Catholic bishops, 30 dioceses, 1,081 priests, 1,073 churches, 17 colleges, 29 ecclesiastical seminaries, 91 female academies, besides numerous orphan schools and asylums. The entire Roman Catholic population of this country is estimated, by the best authorities, at three-millions.

One-half of the melancholy that you run against is caused by indolence and feather beds. The best remedy in the world is useful activity.

A gentleman has given to the American Sunday School Union \$10,000, as a permanent fund, the net proceeds of which are to be applied to the circulation of the Society's publications in Africa.

Rev. Dr. Smyth's work on the Unity of the Races, most of which appeared in numbers, is about to be republished in

Edinburg, where it has been favorably noticed by some of the master minds of Scotland.

The Swiss government have forwarded a beautiful stone from the Alps to be placed in the National Monument, at Washington.

It should be generally known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach, and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

Professor Hackett, of Newton, has in press a new exegetical commentary on the book of Acts, in which advantage will be taken of the recent light thrown upon Paul's voyages, by Mr. James Smith, of London.

The royal standard of England is thirty feet long and eighteen feet deep. It is of strongly wrought fine silk, and was manufactured by Mr. Mills, at a cost of £200.

The Episcopalians in New York have established a church hospital, designed to aid physically and professionally, as well as religiously, the needy sick and stranger of their denomination, and others, so far as funds will allow.

Large tracts of land have been purchased in Hungary by the Jews, who are beginning to apply themselves assiduously to agriculture.

Always be good-natured. A few drops of oil will do more to start the most stubborn machinery than all the vinegar in the world.

It is probably not generally known that Haynau, the hero of the London breweries, is the son of the Prince of Hesse, who sold 12,000 of his subjects to the British, for the American Revolutionary war.

Dr. Franklin is said to have had a servant who was never in the wrong. At length the Doctor's patience was exhausted, and he said, "My friend, you and I must part. I never knew a man who was good at making excuses, good at any thing else."

A new electric light is exhibiting in London, at the Polytechnic. A strip of silver foil pasted on the ceiling, gives a light equal to two thousand candles.

Miss Sarah Biffin, the celebrated miniature painter, who had neither hands nor arms, died recently in Liverpool, aged sixty-six.

Never be angry with your neighbor because his religious views differ from yours; for all the branches of a tree do not lean the same way.

It requires more courage to think differently from the multitude than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he who uttered the first doubt.

American axes are reported to be far superior to the British. They are even sent to Liverpool, and sold in competition with the English manufacture.

As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in the hours of prosperity.

Professor Park, in an Election Sermon, delivered by him in Boston lately, stated that if all the sermons delivered in the land in one year, were collected, they would make 120,000,000 octavo pages.

Chloroform has been found to be a powerful antiseptic, preventing animal decomposition after death, or promptly checking it if already commenced.

The total number of miles of railroad in operation in the United States, at the beginning of the present year, was 8,797, which cost to build them, \$287,453,078.

A rich miser in Auburn, N. Y., is to be buried in Owasco Lake, a beautiful sheet of water near that town. He has a stone coffin made, which takes twelve yoke of oxen to draw it. He gives a man a nice farm for burying him. He is to take him into the middle of the lake, and sink him.

There is no union between the thoughts, the words, and actions of the wicked; but thoughts, words, and actions of the good all agree.

Professor Tholnuck says, "More Jews have been converted to Christianity within the last twenty-five years, than for seventeen centuries preceding."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR readers need not be told that the month of April, in the latitude where this line is penned, is among the most beautiful of the rolling year. We often have, in this region, very mild weather in the last days of February; but March, the world over, is a blustering month. April, indeed, is apt to be a little changeable; but its changes are sudden, rather than severe.

One of our southern governors, who, with Coleridge, seems to have set down Shakspeare and the Bible as the only books worth reading, has alluded to the sort of weather, which the first of April brings us, in very moving terms: "The winter of our discontent," says he, "is gone; the rain is over and passed; the time of the springing of flowers is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land!" We suppose the good governor intended to quote the words of Solomon: "For lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." He did not intend, of course, to mix Shakspeare and Solomon together. Ministers are frequently scolded by men of the world for their want of knowledge when referring to worldly matters. Would it not help the cause of charity a little, if men of the world would remember, that they, too, however high their standing and pretensions, may be equally ignorant in matters of much greater moment than the affairs of business? Charity is good for us all. Every man is ignorant in what he has not learned. Governor Bell may be a good magistrate; but he is not a good writer of the English language. Were we a pedagogue, and had we a pupil, who should perpetrate such a fault in composition, we should be tempted to split a little pine splinter, and stick it to his ear.

Nevertheless, "the winter of our discontent is gone;" and we are thankful to Shakspeare for the expression of what every living son of Adam feels. The bard of Avon, however, is not the only poet, who has celebrated the coming-on of April showers. Chaucer, in his inimitable prologue to his Canterbury Tales, speaks of it in richly poetic terms:

"Whanne that April, with his showers sote,  
The drouthe of March hath perced to the rote,  
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,  
Of which vertue engendered is the flour."

Shakspeare compares the variableness of April weather to the ups and downs of lovers in the early season of their passion:

"O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!"

The Romans, it is well known, dedicated the first day of April to Folly; and from this *Pagan* custom we have derived our *Christian* *April-fool* day. This, however, is not the only custom, which, though born in an age of darkness, is now perpetuated, and sometimes stubbornly defended, by ignorant but very well-meaning mortals. The world is full of them. Science is full of them. Philosophy is full of them. Theology is full of them. The Church is not clear of them. It is only the man who reads the past and knows it, that can appreciate the present justly, and distinguish things indifferent from things of no importance. It is he only, who sees what has been, that can tell how to understand what is. If we had more readers, more persons studying the origin of human practices and ideas, we should have less bigotry, and less impertinence.

The Catholics, who, for the sake of popularity, were eager to scrape into the Church of God all the popular ceremonies of the Roman world, adopted the *April-fool* custom, and spread it all over Europe. They went so far even as to defend it from the Bible. They said that the day on which Jesus was sent from Pilate to Herod, and then back again from Herod to Pilate, without any business whatever, but as on a fool's errand, was the first of April. The day was, therefore, to be celebrated, they said, as a memorial of the illustrious insult.

What they knowingly borrowed from the Pagans, they thus established, in their usual way, by the authority of Scripture!

But we are not now moralizing. We were speaking of April and the gushing-forth of spring. One of the finest metrical versions of the words of Solomon, just quoted, is found in the old *Hymn-Book*, which, however, we believe, has been strangely excluded from the new:

"The scattered clouds are fled at last,  
The rain is gone, the winter's past,  
The lovely vernal flowers appear,  
The warbling choir enchanteth our ear;  
Now with sweetly pensive moan,  
Coos the turtle-dove alone."

The music to these words is among the most captivating air on earth. We fear, since the verses are condemned, that the sweet strains will soon be lost. We have no great taste, we know; but, with what we have, we can see no reason for the exclusion of these and other verses, which used to be sung in the times that were, but which will very soon be sung no more. We regret the loss of the music as much as that of the words. It belonged to that class of tunes, of which the "sound was married to the sense." In song, it took the same place, which is occupied in poetry by such passages as the oft-quoted specimen from Pope:

"Up the high hill he heaves the huge round stone."

Or rather, considering the ease and splendor of its movement, it resembled more, though its motion was not so swift, the return of the stone thus heaved:

"The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,  
Impetuous leaps and thunders o'er the ground."

Such pieces of music should not be periled by any hasty interdict upon the words to which they have so long been joined.

The mention of Pope reminds us, indeed, not only that we are moralizing again, but that the bard of Twickenham has said some very clever things of spring:

"Fain would my muse the flowing treasures sing,  
And humble glories of the youthful spring,  
Where summer's beauty 'midst of winter stays,  
And winter's coolness, spite of summer rays."

Thomson, who sang expressly of the seasons, has given to the English language some of his finest passages in relation to the opening of the year. The following tells the history of many a climate in almost every year:

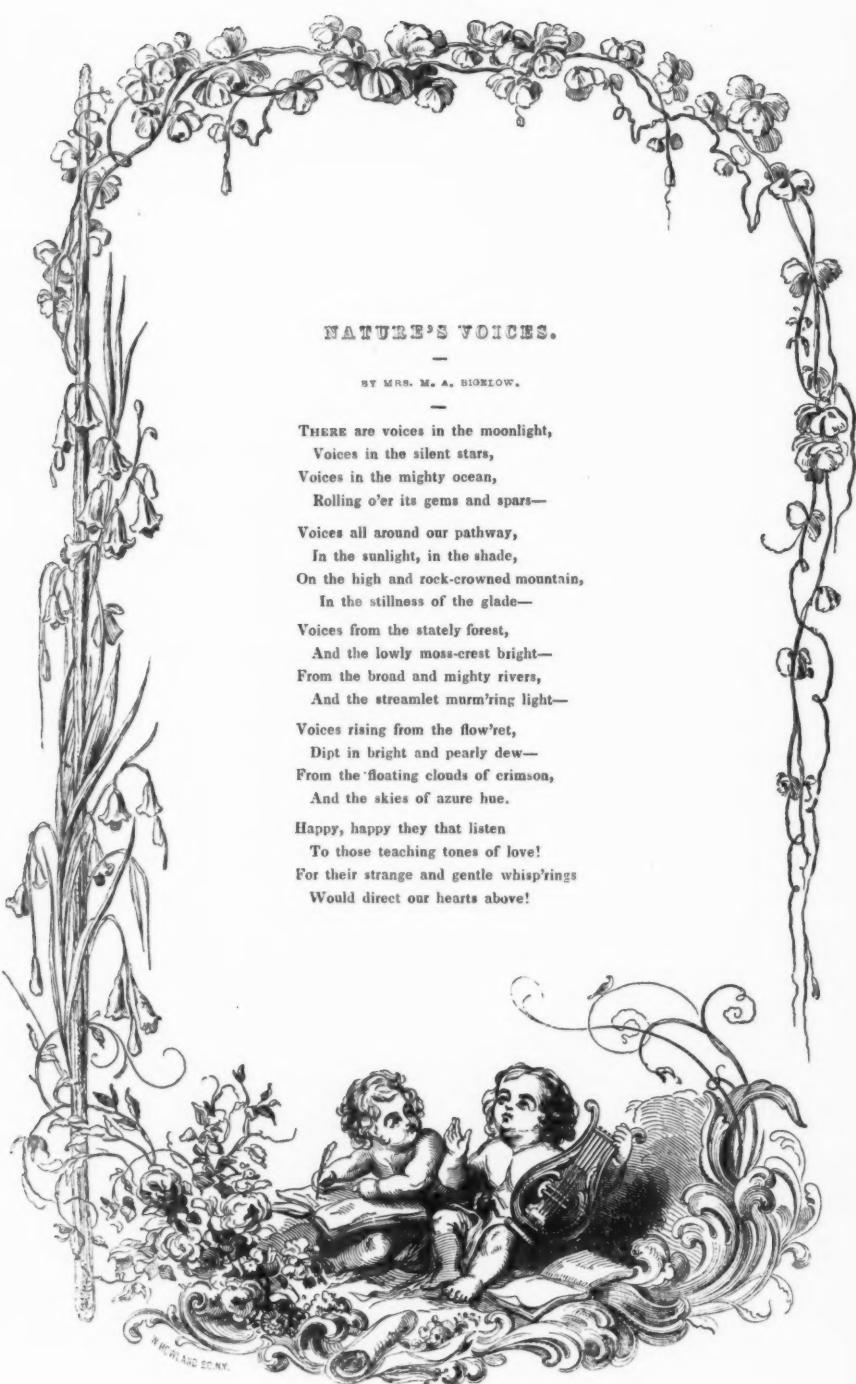
"As yet the trembling year is unconfined,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleet  
Deform the day delightful."

This contest between heat and cold, between frost and fire, between the winds of February and the breezes of the vernal moons, has always been a chosen topic with the poets. All of them together, however, have not said a better thing than poor Goldsmith, the "inspired idiot" of Dr. Johnson, has said in a single line:

"And winter, lingering, chills the lap of May."

But we will here shut our ears to the voices of the poets, whose words rush to our recollection the more we write. We will only exhort our readers, now they are released from the confinement of their dwellings, to go out into the mild and budding world, and behold for themselves, as their own poets, the delightful glories of the spring.

Our embellishments must speak for themselves. We will not commend them, though, we think, the artists deserve commendation. The first, *Night in the Woods*, is, of course, a fiction. The other, *The Old Revolutionary Church*, is the church of the Monmouth battle-ground. It was erected in 1752 on the identical spot where a previous one was erected in 1632! It is, therefore, one of the oldest buildings on the continent. It is indissolubly associated with the Revolution. It is one of the few standing monuments of that glorious age.



### NATURE'S VOICES.

—  
BY MRS. M. A. BIGLOW.

THERE are voices in the moonlight,  
Voices in the silent stars,  
Voices in the mighty ocean,  
Rolling o'er its gems and spars—  
Voices all around our pathway,  
In the sunlight, in the shade,  
On the high and rock-crowned mountain,  
In the stillness of the glade—  
Voices from the stately forest,  
And the lowly moss-crest bright—  
From the broad and mighty rivers,  
And the streamlet murmur'ring light—  
Voices rising from the flow'ret,  
Dipt in bright and pearly dew—  
From the floating clouds of crimson,  
And the skies of azure hue.  
Happy, happy they that listen  
To those teaching tones of love!  
For their strange and gentle whisp'ring  
Would direct our hearts above!



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THOUGHTS OF HOME.

## THE DEATH OF FLORA.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMB.

Allegretto.

Music by F. WERNER, Steinbrecher.



A musical score for piano, featuring three staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of four measures of a melodic line, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics for this system are: "Down the Al-a-ba-ma river, A long time ago, Did the palace Guadalquivir Gaily float and flow;

A musical score for piano, featuring three staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of four measures of a melodic line, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics for this system are: "Broke the waves in pleasant measure, Rippling, rippling o'er, And the cotton's snowy treasure, Steam'd along the shore.

## THE DEATH OF FLORA.

Where the boats in ra - pid meeting, glid - ed foam-ing by; Southern girls with merry greeting.

This system contains three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in F major, and the bottom staff is in C major. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Where the boats in ra - pid meeting, glid - ed foam-ing by; Southern girls with merry greeting."

A little slower.

Spoke with hand and eye When o'er sun - set

This system contains three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in F major, and the bottom staff is in C major. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Spoke with hand and eye When o'er sun - set".

light re-ced - ing, Twi-light cur - tain fell, I with Flo - ra

This system contains three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in F major, and the bottom staff is in C major. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "light re-ced - ing, Twi-light cur - tain fell, I with Flo - ra".

watched it fa - ding, Both in pen - sive spell; On my arm she

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## THE DEATH OF FLORA.

leaned so light - ly, All in beauty's glow ! Can the time re -

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in G major, indicated by a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics "leaned so light - ly, All in beauty's glow ! Can the time re -" are written below the staff. The second staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The third staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The fourth staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats.

called so bright - ly, Be so long a - go ? Flora's form in

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in G major, indicated by a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics "called so bright - ly, Be so long a - go ? Flora's form in" are written below the staff. The second staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The third staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The fourth staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats.

emerald meadow, has been buried long, And my spir - it sits in shad - ow

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in G major, indicated by a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics "emerald meadow, has been buried long, And my spir - it sits in shad - ow" are written below the staff. The second staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The third staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The fourth staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats.

In the halls of song; Re - mem - - ber - ing and

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in G major, indicated by a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics "In the halls of song; Re - mem - - ber - ing and" are written below the staff. The second staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The third staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats. The fourth staff is in C major, indicated by a key signature of no sharps or flats.

## THE DEATH OF FLORA.

